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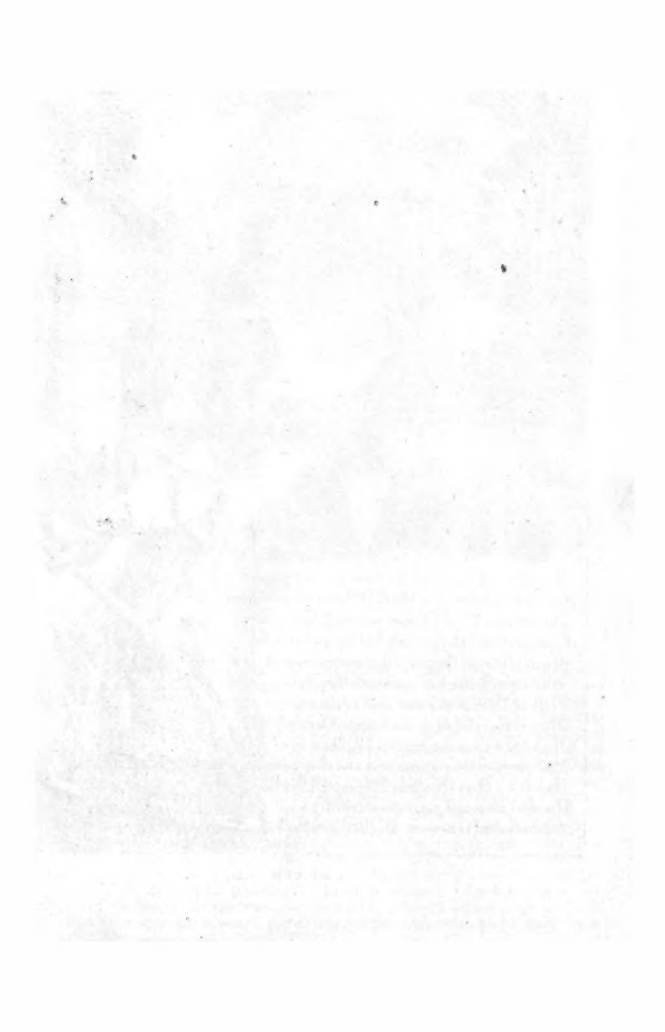
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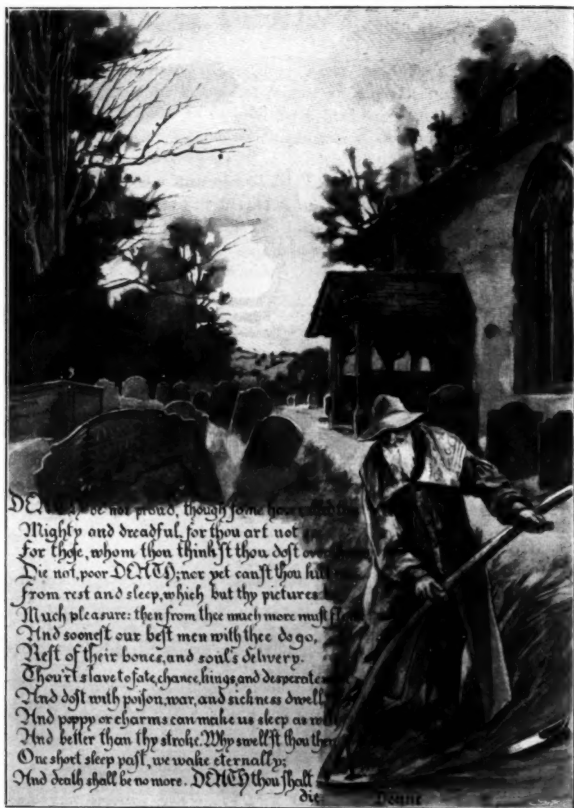
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DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so,
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor DEATH; yet thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more: DEATH thou shalt
die.

Deane

DEATH



THE CZARINA'S PROMENADE

The Most Fashionable City in the World

PEEPS AT SAN REMO

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

WHERE NOT
TO GO!

ENGLISH people will not go to the French Riviera this season, and the cause is not far to seek. Through many years they have patronised Nice, Cannes and Mentone; but such outrageous treatment have they received during the past two or three seasons, that they are now determined, in future, to boycott the French side. Last season was an absolute failure in Nice, mostly on account of its Anglophobe press, the hostility of the Niçois towards the English, and the disgraceful insanitary condition of the town. If the truth be told, Nice is to-day in a worse state

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regarding water supply and sanitation than any town in England. Previous to writing the present article, I took a journey especially to Nice, to ascertain its state. I found hotel-keepers and owners of villas and apartments as avaricious as usual, demanding most exorbitant prices for very inferior quarters. The roads were up in many of the principal streets, the Promenade des Anglais was in a state of chaos, and the shopkeepers one and all in fear that the season would be worse than last year. In the latter, their fears will, no doubt, be realised. English people will not go to a fever-infected town to spend the winter, and be insulted daily by a

virulent local press, while they can cross the frontier at Ventimille, twenty miles further on, and obtain better and more bracing air, more delightful scenery, live cheaper, and be treated with respect.

PEOPLE WHO I had the courage to
HISSED OUR expose in THE LUD-
QUEEN. GATE magazine, and
other journals, the
hissing of the Queen by the people of
Nice, the French Minister of the
Interior thought fit to issue a decree,
ordering my expulsion from French
territory. That what I said was true
was proved by the Mayor of Nice
being compelled to call upon the British
Ambassador in Paris, and apologise;
while my criticisms upon the defective
drainage, and the recurring epidemics of
typhoid are also proved to be justified
by the new system of drainage, now
being commenced. This system, how-
ever, will not be completed before next
year, and as there are still cases of
typhoid in Nice to my own knowledge,

English visitors should be warned in
time. The anti-English feeling in
Nice is as strong to-day as it ever
was, and if English people are
openly insulted in the streets, as they
were last season, it is only their own
fault for venturing there. In striking
contrast to the tinsel and pasteboard of
Nice, with its crowds of the *demi-monde*,
its pest of beggars, its infected water
supply, and its host of impudent cab-
men—whose votes are desired by the
Municipality, and who therefore practi-
cally rule local affairs—is the quiet and
beautiful country lying beyond Venti-
mille, a coast unequalled for natural
attractions and climate in the whole
world—the Italian Riviera.

Until the present,
AN UNKNOWN little has been heard in
PARADISE. England of the Italian
Littoral. The pictur-
esque beauties of its coast, indented with
coves and bays, and its wild mountains
and smiling valleys have been left un-
explored by the English who go south
in search of sunshine. They have been



SIGNOR CONIO'S HOTEL

content to enjoy the glitter and artificiality of Nice or the whirl of Monte Carlo, and have almost entirely neglected the Italian side. Only this year have my compatriots awakened to the fact that there is a Riviera quite as beautiful and far more healthful beyond Ventimille. Italy is generally supposed to be rather behind-hand. She never "booms" her beauties, hence she has been content to let San Remo remain known to a select few. This season, however, San Remo has come forward as the most fashionable town on the whole Riviera. And deservedly so. Its sheltered situation is unique in the whole of Europe, for here the banana grows and ripens, date-palms are seen in all their tropical luxuriance, while the oranges, aloes, and cacti flourish and flower everywhere. San Remo is not by any means artificial. The old sun-bleached town, perched upon its conical hill, is as quaint and picturesque to-day as it was back in the dark days of the Corsairs, while the foreign quarters clustering below it along the sea-shore are imposing without the painful attempt at effect so apparent in the towns run by Messieurs les Anglophobes. Of hotels in San Remo there are many, and the prices are by no means ruinous. The best is the Grand Hôtel des Anglais, owned by Signor Conio, a charming type of the pleasant, courteous Italian, whose wife is English, and who, assisted by his son, an experienced hotel manager, caters excellently for English tastes. His hotel is a palatial one of marble halls, and has been considerably enlarged this season to meet the requirements of the crowds who stay there, and the new dancing hall will of course be in great requisition this winter, for dances are to be held weekly, and guests are always welcome. To those going south this winter I can recommend this hotel above all others for comfort, cheerful society, moderate prices, beautiful gardens, and a view unequalled on the whole of the Mediterranean coast. Another hotel is now in course of construction by Signor Marini, and to be called the Savoy, a magnificent place, higher up the hill. Last season in mid-winter not a bed could be had, therefore it certainly be-

hoves hotel proprietors to enlarge their premises and provide increased accommodation this year, when English people cannot live in Nice.

A WORD TO VISITORS. San Remo is not large, but it possesses many distinct advantages that should not

be overlooked by the Englishman going south for the winter. When you land in San Remo—or, indeed, before you get there—there is a man who will do everything for you, an Englishman, and a right-down good fellow, Mr. Benecke by name. He and his partner, Mr. Heywood, are bankers, furnishers, wine merchants, estate agents, builders, tourist agents—in fact, they are the local Whiteley's. When in doubt in San Remo, one has only to stroll along to the office in the Via Vittorio Emanuele, and "inquire within." To Mr. Benecke, too, together with the new syndic, Signor G. E. Balestreri, is due in a great measure the development of San Remo which is now taking place. It is intended to render the town attractive to English visitors; and the success of their efforts this season may be judged by the fact that early in October, before a visitor had set foot in the place, there was not a single furnished villa to be let, and very few apartments. People are this year flocking to San Remo and Bordighera by thousands. Villas that last year let for £200 are now let for £600; while in Nice, hotel-keepers, shop-keepers, and those avaricious harpies who have so outrageously fleeced the visitor in the past are standing idle with elongated faces. Nice has fallen from her high estate. The English are sick of overcharge and discourtesy, and have at last discovered that in Italy they can obtain better quarters, better food, better air, and live under conditions much more sanitary than they can on the French side.

Back in August last, ITALIANS AS the British Mediterranean Squadron put FRIENDS. into San Remo, and were most enthusiastically fêted by the authorities and the people. So good is the feeling between the Italians and the Englishman that the latter, though he

may speak no word of Italian, is never robbed or cheated, as is so invariably the case in France. In Italy, not only is he among friends, but upon every English sovereign he changes into Italian money he profits to the substantial tune of one shilling and eightpence. Hence the cost of living is brought to a minimum—a fact which should always be remembered. Every attraction is now offered in San Remo, while to those who like to visit Monte Carlo there is a new service of automobile omnibuses to the frontier at Ventimille, as well as a new service of through trains without the annoying wait at the French Custom-house. This year, San Remo, small and unpretending, but delightful in its every aspect, with brilliant sunlight and balmy air, and the Medi-

terranean shining turquoise through the palms, is the most fashionable resort in Europe. So suddenly popular has it become, indeed, a city of royalties and princes, that several syndicates—English, Belgian, and Italian—have been already formed within the past month to build a new promenade, new suburbs, new hotels, a new casino, and make other improvements, all of which it is hoped will be ready for the visitor next year. Through trains are already running between Calais and San Remo, therefore those in search of health and sunshine need not experience any difficulty in getting to this, one of the most delightful spots in the whole world.

The photographs accompanying this article are by Brogi of Florence, Giletta of Nice, and Scotto of San Remo.



THE OLD BRIDGE



MADAME PATTI

From Photo by A. ESMÉ COLLINGS

Madame Adelina Patti as a Hostess

WRITTEN BY NIEL WENTWORTH. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

“**H**OPE springs eternal in the human breast” says the poet, to which assertion the public rejoins: “So does our interest in Adelina Patti.” That it should be so is very much to the credit of the public, for surely never did star so thoroughly merit the attention of the world which it illumines! But from those who only know her as the most marvellous of singers is quite half of her marvellousness hidden, since it is not the public side of Adelina Patti, although radiant, which is the more brilliant; the side of which only her

private friends are aware is by far the brighter, and to see it scintillate one should visit Craig-y-Nos. There, in her “Home, sweet home” in the Welsh mountains, Madame is at her very best; in turn a cheery chatterer, energetic sportswoman, enterprising excursionist, and ever a sympathetic hostess.

She loves her cosy castle, its pretty gardens, its miniature lake, its rustic bridges, and its spacious scenery. Her *joie de vivre* when in these inspiring surroundings is absolutely invincible; small wonder that the effect of her happy temperament should speedily commu-

nicate itself to her guests, and that even those who came to rest remain to frisk.

Maybe that the bracing air which swirls along the Swansea valley has its share in the invigorating result of Craig-y-Nos, but without doubt most of the benefit of the sojourner within its hospitable walls is derived from hourly associations with its brisk *châtelaine*.

Existence goes so gaily that the days slip by all too quickly, and one's play-time is over, and work must again be faced; then it is that one realises how eminently restorative has been a glimpse of the home-life of the Queen of Song. The society that she most favours is that of intelligent young girls, with just a little leaven of the friends of long years' standing to give ballast, as it were, to the general buoyancy of the assembly. Affectations of any sort she detests, and in her intercourse with her chosen circle there is a straightforward directness tempered by kindly consideration, which is one of the many refreshing attributes of her remarkable character. Her memory is extremely tenacious, and her power of telling a funny story for all it is worth is an invaluable aid to the gaiety of her guests. But—and this emphatically—however provocative the occasion, she *never* repeats anything which has the faintest suspicion of a *double entente*; that sort of wit simply has no place in her vocabulary, nor, by the way, in that of any individual under her roof who has once had the temerity to try it in her presence—the look reproving him would be of lasting effect!

Madame Patti talks as well as she sings, and in almost all the tongues of Europe, her accent in each being pronounced by natives absolutely perfect—a not surprising tribute to her true ear. Her speaking voice, though clear and ringing, is of so deep a resonance that a stranger, asked to guess its *timbre* for vocalisation, would undoubtedly say "contralto." To the fact of her earliest years having been passed in New York may be traced the slight reminiscence of America in its inflection, and the fulness of tone given to some of the vowels.

Adelina Patti, as all the world knows, had a Roman mother, a Sicilian father,

was born in Spain, and went, with her parents, to New York, before she was two months old.

She was not eight years when she made her first appearance on a concert platform—a quaint little figure clad in tartan silk skirt and black velvet jacket; and from that time to this she has been, with but short intervals, continually charming the world with the most wonderful voice of the century. We have all heard, more or less vaguely, of the homage which has during all these years been laid at her dainty feet by potentates in every land; but to fully realise with what worth they weighted their admiration, one should get the Diva herself to tell of her artistic triumphs, and to point the tale by opening some of her many jewel cases. Here, for instance, is a *rivière* of brilliants; there a magnificent necklet of turquoises, each as large as an oblong shilling, set in diamonds; there one of emeralds and diamonds, rubies next, then sapphires; in another hiding place many diadems, outshining each other, and brooches, rings, pins, bracelets, jewelled watches—in fact, all and more than the most gorgeous fancy could suggest, and all presented "With sincere admiration," or some such modest message, by no less important personages than the grandfather of the Czar, the father of Kaiser Wilhelm, the late Emperor of Brazil, a former President of the United States, the last Emperor of the French, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. Musical societies in America have not been behindhand in giving substantial proof of their appreciation, and to the lovely singer's infinite satisfaction, Queen Victoria has also testified hers, on various occasions, by means of jewelled ornaments, a signed photograph, and a miniature portrait of herself, set with brilliants.

Pleased as Patti honestly avows herself to have always been at the advent of a new trinket, it is the knowledge of the enjoyment which their donors have had in her singing which is her most valued possession.

The wonder is that, after such a prolonged career of adulation, Adelina Patti has emerged unspoilt; but such is certainly the case. She remains

unto this day as grateful for a word of praise from an esteemed critic, or for the gift of a little child's nosegay of wild flowers, as would be but fitting in a *débutante* anxiously starting on a career which means the wherewithal to provide a livelihood.

Craig-y-Nos is not imposing as castles go, but it is unique alike for the beauty of its situation and for the perfection of its appointments. When the place was bought by Madame Patti the house was not a quarter its present size,

this delightful abode testifies to the excellence of the management of Madame's large staff; the heads of departments have her interests too thoroughly at heart not to secure for her absolute satisfaction. From a visitor's point of view there is but one word which seems applicable—Perfection. The programme of events, with slight variations, goes this way:—Breakfast at any hour you please in your own room; luncheon at midday served in an enormous conservatory; drives to local



CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE

and the land appertaining numbered but proportionate acres; nowadays all the country for miles around is owned by the *châtelaine*. It is a gorgeous spot to have one's home, there on a mountain side, with terraced gardens falling away down to a sparkling stream, with the great granite peak rising suddenly on the opposite shore.—“The Rock of Night” (Craig-y-Nos), which gives its name to the Nightingale's nest.

The ease with which things go in

points of interest, or to call on the neighbours; tennis or croquet parties at home; tea; a general donning of prettiest evening gowns, and dinner at 7.45. Billiards, a little music—almost accidentally; or perhaps a merry quadrille, a waltz, and early to bed.

Madame Patti has so many letters and business matters which require her undisturbed attention that she finds it best to keep her mornings quite for herself, so although she is always up by eight o'clock she does not appear until

luncheon; unless, her correspondence finished, she walks in the grounds with her husband, or one or two of her guests. She is very fond of exercise, and is never happier than when in the open air; she waltzes as enthusiastically as a girl at her first ball, and is as light as the proverbial feather on her partner's arm. She sings continually; not formal encounters with piano and music sheets, but just little snatches of anything that comes into her head, or as illustrative of this or that topic which happens to come up in talking about the events of time past or present. She plays the zither charmingly, and likes to use it in company with some old dorkie melody remembered from her childhood's days in South America. By the way, she still retains in her service an old coloured woman who nursed her through a severe chill when on a concert tour there in her early teens.

Luncheon at Craig-y-Nos is great fun, everybody is so full of plans for the rest of the day, or so anxious to relate the adventures of the morning. The men tell of their luck with gun or rod, and the cyclists of the party detail the difficulties they have survived in the matter of fathoming the directions for finding their way back to the castle offered by the Welsh peasants whose aid they have invoked. Before the meal is over the mail arrives, and letters and newspapers are distributed at the table. Such piles for Madame! Some of them she reads aloud, liking to share with her friends anything which she thinks may be of general interest. For instance: "Is it not kind? Steinway is sending me a piano! Now where shall we stand it? Would it be best in the further drawing-room; or could we have it here, among the palms? Well, let us talk about it

presently. Do hear this letter: it is from a person named Smith, who is 'sure I shall remember him.' It seems we met in the year one, or some such time; What a pity that one ever forgets anybody, for I expect he was as kind as possible—but one meets so many 'Smiths.'" And so on, until the whole lot has been investigated, and sorted into two heaps, those on the right to be answered to-morrow morning, and the rest to wait for a later opportunity.

Dinner is a more stately function, and in its honour, when we assemble in the spacious dining-room, and subject ourselves to the stern unflinchingness of the electric light, we all try to look our very best. And the prettier the girls manage to look, the better pleased is our generous hostess, for she takes as much interest in the appearance of everybody under her roof as ever did the proudest of parents. Such a good heart lives in company with the big brown eyes which so clearly reflect her every impulse. Of the many kindly acts, which nobody ever hears, unobtrusively administered in all the country round about Craig-y-Nos, one should ask the dwellers in the long Swansea Valley, and gain such an insight into the generosity of the local Lady Bountiful as does one good to hear. Not a day passes but some way-farer knocks at her huge kitchen portal to claim the meal which remains constantly provided for needy passers wending toward the nearest town in search of work.

Her friends, the neighbours living on adjoining estates, have come to reckon time from such landmarks as "Before Madame Patti did this or that—went abroad or returned to the castle," such a moving spirit is she in the sphere of life around Craig-y-Nos.



In Her Majesty's Service

A STORY OF THE AFGHAN WAR

WRITTEN BY E. M. DELL. ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ALDRIDGE.

"**A**SK de Vere's opinion. He is always ready for an argument."

"Major de Vere!" grinned the youngest subaltern present. "Why, he's as sleepy as an owl in the sunshine. He always is."

Major de Vere himself leaned forward across the mess-table and fixed his sleepy blue eyes upon the speaker's face, rather to that young gentleman's embarrassment. The major was a good-looking, sunburnt man of over thirty, a trifle supercilious and a trifle *blasé*, but none the less good at heart.

"Who is as sleepy as an owl in the sunshine?" he inquired, watching his junior's confusion with lazy enjoyment.

"I didn't say anything," stammered the subaltern. "It was that fellow over there; wanted to ask you what you thought about acting against orders, and that."

"Acting against orders! What does this youth mean? Can any of you fellows enlighten me?"

"Yes. It was I who started the subject," said another subaltern, a dark, somewhat reserved man of twenty-five, pushing away his wine-glass and flinging his cigar into the fireplace.

Major de Vere laughed goodnaturedly.

"My dear fellow, don't for Heaven's sake look so confoundedly serious. It's a shame to waste good Havanas like that for the sake of an argument. What is the momentous question?"

"Simply this. Is a man justified in leaving camp, during warfare of course,

contrary to orders, to save a comrade who may be dying outside? I say he is. Hone says he doesn't know. What do you say?"

Captain Hone, a merry-faced Irishman with the reputation for being rather long-tongued, pushed back his chair with a rattle.

"I should say, wait till the time comes, and then see what course you like the best. If he's a bosom friend, fetch him in, in defiance of law and order. If he's the other thing, then let him take his chance. I don't approve of heaping coals of fire even on an enemy's head. Not quite the thing in war. That's what I say. Clarence here has the impudence to disagree with me, and say that friends and enemies are the same thing. He gets hold of some rum ideas, does that fellow. Only the other day——"

"Keep to the subject," peremptorily interposed Major de Vere. "A rolling stone——"

"Right for you, de Vere. Never heard it applied to me in that way before, though. Now let us hear what you have to say upon the subject."

"What I have to say?" The major leaned back and half-closed his eyes. "I say that both you fellows are utterly in the wrong. We bestow as much consideration upon our enemies as upon our friends in war——"

"If it comes to that, rather more," put in Captain Hone, grinning at the frown with which the major greeted his interruption.

"But under no pretext should a man

disobey orders," proceeded de Vere deliberately.

Young Clarence bent forward, his face flushed and eager.

"Do you think that, Major? When a man is dying a hundred yards away because you will not give a helping hand?"

"Right is right," said the major briefly.

"But in such a case what is right?"

"Obedience. Don't deceive yourself, Clarence. Your life belongs to Her Majesty, so long as you are in Her Majesty's Service. You have no right to throw away what is not your own. Whatever your personal interests may be, they should have no weight where duty is concerned. It is your duty to bear in mind the cause which you serve; and no consideration can justify insubordination."

"On the other hand, to obey a general order may be to become an unfeeling brute. If you save a life, it is a life saved for the Service."

"Possibly. But that does not alter the fact that to obtain that very laudable end you violate the very rudiments of the training that Service gives. You cannot get over that, Clarence."

"Then how is it that the Queen herself rewards such insubordination with the highest honours she can confer? How is it that a man is praised not blamed even if he loses his valuable life in such an attempt?"

Major de Vere smiled with an air of sleepy superiority.

"That is the inconsistency of human nature," he said. "The fact remains that that man, gallant as he may be, has disobeyed his orders. And that man deserves to be shot."

Clarence flung himself back impatiently in his chair.

"I don't agree with you, Major de Vere. I can't. Do you mean to tell me that if your nearest and dearest friend were lying almost at your feet you would not move a hand to help him?"

"My good fellow, I have already stated my views and my reasons for maintaining them. I suppose you know the ancient advice that bids you 'of two difficulties choose the worst'?"

"That has nothing to do with the question."

"Pardon me. In such a case as you have put forward, which course would be the more difficult to pursue? To leave your friend to die, and follow the path of duty, or to go to his assistance and leave duty alone?"

Clarence rose without replying.

"You are done, my boy," said Hone, with a gay laugh. "Beaten in fair fight. You may as well own it."

"I do own it," the young man answered gravely, holding out his hand to the major. "I have no further argument to bring forward, Major, and I shall not forget my defeat. As we are off to Afghanistan to-morrow, perhaps the lesson you have been good enough to give me may be of use. Good-night."

"Good night." A smile flashed into de Vere's eyes as he shook hands.

"You give me the victory, Clarence?"

"I give you the victory," he answered, and, with a look on his face that perplexed his superior, he went out.

"It doesn't take you long to smash a fellow," observed Captain Hone. "Where did you learn to be so confidently sharp?"

Major de Vere had leant back again, his momentary energy gone, and as sleepy as he had been before the brief argument.

"Hardly worth it," he drawled. "Don't know why I should have troubled myself, but it does a fellow good to be put down now and then. Not that Clarence is uppish. Still—"

"Seemed to take it hard, didn't he?" rejoined Hone, in the same lazy tones. "He couldn't have been more put out if you had given him a literal instead of a figurative kick behind."

"Nonsense! He didn't care, did he?" De Vere sat up fully awake again. Hone laughed.

"Does conscience prick? Didn't know you possessed such a ticklish article. Care? I shouldn't think so. He is an odd customer, but sure even he couldn't be such a fool as to think twice about anything you managed to get out."

"Knock the fellow down, somebody," ordered de Vere languidly, "and stop his cackle if you can."

"Do it yourself, you lazy beggar," said Hone, pushing up his sleeves. "The exercise will do you good. What? You won't? Let me show you how."

"Order, order," said the major, waving his hand. "No horse-play here."

"Wait till we get to Afghanistan," said a boy sitting at the captain's side. "Give it 'em hot and strong there."

"In Her Majesty's Service," put in another, with a glance at the reclining de Vere. "The major's watchword, don't you know. Only don't risk your precious life whatever else you have the gallantry to do. Think what a loss it would be to the Queen."

Major de Vere smiled. Had he been asked the reason of his indifference to chaff from his juniors, his reply would have been that the boys knew how far they might go with him, and he was satisfied that beyond the limit they would not venture.

* * * *

It was a dark night in Afghanistan. The moon had not risen, and the British camp fires alone illumined the darkness of the surrounding rocky waste. Now and then the shout of a sentry rose above the buzz of voices in the tents, and more rarely a shot echoed along the passes and defiles of the wild country about the camp. Pickets had just been posted for the earlier part of the night, and Major de Vere, who had visited the outposts, was returning to the tent he shared with two other officers for the repose he needed. It had been a tiring day for him, for he had been one of a storming party on the heights, and as he dragged himself wearily to his tent, he was drowsily congratulating himself that his work was done for one more day.

"De Vere, is that you?" whispered one of his companions, as he flung himself down without so much as unfastening his belt.

"Yes. Good night."

"It is a terrible thing about poor Clarence, isn't it?"

The major, who was already half-asleep, roused himself.

"What about poor Clarence?"

"Surely you know that he is missing,

that he has not been seen in camp since he set out with you this morning?"

"I know nothing of the kind. What do you mean? That the man is dead?"

"No, nothing is known. Only when the adjutant went through the roll-call a little while ago, he was not there to answer. We were all surprised, for no one seemed to have any idea that he had not come in with the rest. Hullo! Where are you going?"

"Never mind. I daresay you will see me again before long. Good night."

Major de Vere was on his feet again and outside, with the words. Tired as he was, the sudden news had taken from him all desire to rest. He went straight to the colonel's tent.

"Well," was the reluctant permission which his short demand for entrance elicited.

The major walked in without further ceremony, to find his commanding-officer lying in bed.

"Sorry to disturb you," said de Vere, halting just inside the tent; "but I have just heard about Clarence's disappearance. It is very extraordinary, for I quite believed him to be in safety with the rest after the taking of the kotal."

"I can't help that," said the colonel irritably. "I daresay he will find his way back before morning, if not, a search will be made. As to coming here to catechise me about him at this time of night, you must be a fool. What do you expect me to know about him?"

"Nothing," responded de Vere, with a slight smile that was unmistakably sarcastic. "If the regiment itself were missing I should not think of asking you what had become of it. But I must apologise for keeping you awake. Have I your permission to take a couple of men and look for him?"

"No," sharply replied the colonel, "you have not."

Major de Vere turned to leave the tent as abruptly as he had entered it, but the colonel's voice made him pause.

"What are you going to do?"

"Do?" De Vere stared. "What do you expect me to do?"

"To obey my orders," was the stern reply.

The major wheeled round and went to the other officer's side.

"Let me go, Colonel," he said, in a voice that was very different from his former curt tones. He hated asking favours, but the emergency of the case was too great for personal considerations to have any weight.

"My dear boy, are you mad? Take my advice and go to bed. You need rest, and you have earned it most thoroughly."

The colonel raised himself and looked kindly into the troubled blue eyes above him. Major de Vere was his friend, and in spite of his apparent indifference, Colonel Mortimer had a heart, and a kind heart too. The major bowed his head silently.

"You will go to bed like a good fellow?" the colonel asked, half-anxious, half-peremptory.

De Vere hesitated. "If you can't trust me—" he began, then stopped. "Will you come with me?" he ended, with a smile.

"No, certainly not. And I absolutely forbid you to attempt anything so mad."

The major stood for a moment, fidgeting with his belt and looking very uncomfortable.

"Well, good night," he said at length.

"Give me your word of honour, de Vere. I shall not rest unless I have it."

"What?" said de Vere, with a return of his old drowsiness. "You want my word of honour? My dear sir, you don't imagine that I am likely to take the trouble to run counter to your wishes? Too much exertion really. Good night. If you sleep as soundly as I shall you will have the best night I could possibly wish you."

And he quitted the colonel's tent without waiting to be called back.

Five minutes later, two men—an officer and a private soldier—crept noiselessly out of the camp.

Captain Hone was marching restlessly up and down outside his tent. The moon had risen, and he knew that he should be snatching a few hours' rest from the toil of the campaign, but as he was wont to say, when the restless mood was on him the very devil seemed to keep him on his feet. He was pondering deeply when a figure came up behind him and tapped him on the

shoulder. The captain jumped round with an oath and then stepped back.

"What! Clarence! Is it safe you are then? Where the dickens do you hail from?"

"I have just come in," Clarence returned, and went on speaking in brief sentences. "I got separated from the rest trying to help a poor fellow who was shot in the head. I got a knock and it stunned me for a time. Then I lost my way back, but," with a sigh of utter weariness, "I am here at last."

"You had better go and report yourself, my son," said Hone, laying his hand with sudden affection on the young man's shoulder. "It is confoundingly glad I am to see you. I was giving you up for lost. You have seen nothing of de Vere?"

"De Vere? No. Is he——"

"Missing," said the captain, with a sigh.

"Really? No fooling?"

"My dear boy, do I look like fooling? No, he has gone. I myself got in late, and I have seen nothing of him since five o'clock this afternoon. Poor fellow! I am afraid——"

He stopped for Clarence had turned sharply away from him.

"De Vere gone!" he muttered to himself. "You say you saw him at five?" turning back. "Then he cannot be far away."

"Far enough," the captain answered, marching up to his tent and pausing at the entrance with his face averted.

"You think he is dead?"

"I know it, or he would have found his way here before now."

"He may be lying wounded just outside."

The words seemed to send the same thought into the minds of both men. Hone laughed a mirthless laugh, and a ghostly smile flickered across Clarence's face. The next moment the captain had disappeared within the tent he occupied, and the younger officer was left alone. He paced swiftly to his own quarters, and entering noiselessly, lay down beside a brother-subaltern, who, he was relieved to find, was sleeping soundly and did not move on his entrance. But Clarence could not rest. Whenever he closed his eyes, the



"WHAT, CLARENCE, IS IT SAFE YOU ARE THEN?"

major seemed to rise before him, with his sleepy blue eyes and handsome, inanimate features, the major, who at that very moment might be lying wounded perhaps dying, not five hundred yards away. Why should not he, Clarence, go out and see? Hone and one of the sentries alone knew of his safe return to the camp, and if he went to look for the major and never came back, it could not matter so much, for

every one believed him dead already. Such thoughts would chase each other through Clarence's brain and hold him waking. Major de Vere had always been a good friend to him, and all the chivalrous feeling of his nature revolted against leaving him alone to live or die without a thought. He told himself that he could not do it, that he would be a brute and a coward to leave the major helpless when he might so easily

stretch out a helping hand. The more he thought, the more he convinced himself that Major de Vere was not dead, but wounded and in danger, for he knew that the sharpshooters and swordsmen of the enemy swarmed among the rocks and passes beyond the camp. He knew the awful imminence of the danger, for he himself had already been through it all once. He had already crept through them, hiding with a sick fear behind every rock and rejoicing in the darkness. Could he, dare he do it all over again? Clarence shook off the thought. What was he thinking of? Was he a coward to sit weighing possibilities here when he might be saving the major's life? No, he was no coward, he did not fear to go again into the wilderness for such a purpose. He would go at once, he must, for further delay might mean death to de Vere, and that de Vere was not very far away, he was firmly convinced. He rose and went out again into the moonlight. The tents looked very ghostly in the white light, and he shivered as he looked out at them. Then suddenly, swiftly, the major's words flashed across him, words that he had spoken in the discussion that had taken place between them that last night at Aldershot, when de Vere had thrown himself upon the opposite balance and weighed it down, conquering all his arguments on principles that convinced him of their worth in spite of himself. Standing there, staring out before him, senselessly, foolishly, groping for guidance, Clarence had stumbled upon it all unawares, and he felt in a moment that the path of duty lay straight and clear before him. Little had he dreamt when the major was coolly annihilating his arguments how soon the convictions that de Vere forced upon him would be pointing out to him the course of strict discipline which he was to follow. De Vere had asked him which course would be the harder to pursue? He knew now which was the harder, and his soul cried out against the cruelty of the discipline that he had been obliged so unwillingly to accept as duty. The major had conquered him that night at Aldershot, had vanquished all his objections with careless ease, and trampled down all the chivalrous pity

for the weak, all the humanity, that lay deep down in his reserved nature. Could he with his eyes open walk in direct opposition to the rules which he knew to be sacred, sacred at least from a military point of view? Would the major, that slave of discipline, thank him for endangering his life in such a cause? Had he any right to go? Again and again that question presented itself uppermost in his excited brain. He tried once more to think the situation over quietly, to consider the matter in all its bearings. He had not been forbidden to leave the camp as others had been, for he had not been in camp for half-an-hour, and therefore the order could not apply to him. And yet he was in Her Majesty's Service like the rest, and a general order must include him with them. Should he ask permission to search for the major? It would be refused, he felt certain, and that would only make matters worse. And all this time de Vere might be breathing out his life with no one to help him, no one near to protect him in weakness. The thought quickened Clarence's pulses and forced him into action. He could not sleep while de Vere was in danger; he would be a barbarous, unfeeling brute if he could. What were duty and obedience to the call of common humanity?

Clarence's whole soul revolted against such conduct, and he turned almost with loathing from his own thoughts. And in that moment his mind was made up. Whatever his duty might be, his decision was made, and he was not the man to draw back when once he had formed a resolution.

And so it was that not long after, one more figure was creeping stealthily, watchfully, between the shadows and the moonlight, one more searcher in the wilderness of death.

* * * *

Slowly and warily Clarence made his way, past a huge, rocky boulder that blocked the camp from his sight, on into the calm moonlight, and then he paused. Where was he going? For some moments he failed to recognise his bearings, and stood irresolute, studying his compass; then he started northwards on his search, for he knew that the kotal they had stormed that day was some hundred

yards north of the place where the main force was encamped. Stunted bushes shot up through the shadows like ghostly figures, and as Clarence stumbled uncertainly along, he found himself shuddering with inexcusable nervousness. It was all so silent and awful. Could de Vere be lying in this ghastly place? It was scarcely probable, yet if he were neither here nor in camp, where was he? Should he turn back? No, at least he would do his best; and with dogged determination Clarence plodded on. By-and-bye, what had passed he scarcely knew, it seemed to him as if

he were walking in a dream, as if the cautious movement must go on for ever. It was only the fancy of his fevered brain, but again and again in that trance-like delirium, he saw Major de Vere, standing before him, always melting into thin air when Clarence reached him, always reappearing a few yards ahead, with his eyes half-open and that faintly sarcastic twitch of his fair moustache that the younger officer knew so well. So he staggered on, striving ever to reach what his disordered nerves alone brought before his eyes. Then came a stealthy movement from behind



"THEN CAME A STEALTHY MOVEMENT"

—a fierce grip on his shoulder—a stunning blow—a loud humming in his ears, mingled with a snarling, yelling cry—and Clarence fell like a log and lay still.

Captain Hone was standing in his tent, examining the priming of his pistols, a comical expression that was wholly inscrutable on his face.

So, de Vere, in spite of your arguments, my friend, behold me sallying forth to your rescue." He broke off into a whistle of "We won't go home till morning," slipped his pistols into his belt, and then with a sudden relapse into silence sneaked cautiously out of his tent. He was in high spirits, and the sight of the cold moonlight that had



"CAPTAIN HONE WAS STANDING IN HIS TENT, EXAMINING THE PRIMING OF HIS PISTOLS."

"I can't help it," he said aloud, wheeling round at last. "Witness, O ye gods, that I have done my best to obey the call of duty and that I will continue to obey it. Holy Patrick! What more can an Irishman say? I may be an execrable fool, but if I weren't that I should be something a good deal worse.

made Clarence pause and hesitate only elicited a low chuckle from the harum-scarum Irishman. No feverish illusions rose before his clear-headed vision, nor did the danger beyond the camp present itself to him. He was going with the fixed purpose of finding his friend, and he had made up his mind that he would

not give up the search till he had found him. He was troubled by no virtuous scruples, for it was only the impulse of his impulsive nature that sent him on his errand. If he lost his life in the attempt, he had himself alone to blame, and after all, whatever de Vere might say, it would be a greater loss to himself than to any one else. So, philosophically, the captain viewed his situation, smiling to himself as he slunk guiltily out between the white lines of tents, and only pausing once to swear under his breath at an unseen cord that had caught his shin. The trivialities of life occupied his thoughts far more than the danger into which he was coolly walking; for they were at least definite, and the looming shadow of death was not.

* * * *

Clarence's senses began to return to him at last, and with a dazed sort of wonder he lay staring at the stars above him, dimly conscious of an ever-increasing pain just above the knee of his left leg. It sharpened into absolute agony when after a time he tried to raise himself. He was fully alive to his surroundings by then, and a thrill of horror ran through him as he discovered that he was lying in a pool of blood. Then he began to collect his scattered senses, and as he realised his position of utter helplessness a feeling akin to despair took possession of him. Nevertheless his brain was clear and his nerves composed, and even a grim sense of humour found its way into his thoughts.

"I fear I have deprived Her Majesty of my most valuable life," he muttered. "I trust she will survive the loss, though I am afraid I shall not. It's a pity, a great pity. I only hope de Vere may never hear or guess what a self-opinionated ass I have been. I don't believe he is dead. What a fool I was not to wait! He may be safe in camp by now, while I must lie here till I die. Poor old Hone! He thinks I am safe, or I believe he would come out and look for me. Unless de Vere's argument convinced him too, confound it. I wish to Heaven I had never started such an insane subject. But it is always so. If only we could have looked forward to the future we should never have made such fools of ourselves in the past."

He stopped to laugh recklessly, bitterly, at his own philosophy, then went on. "I wonder why the fellow didn't finish me when he was about it. I suppose he thought he had. A slow process, but sure I believe, even now. Great thunder! How shall I bear it?" He groaned and fell back almost fainting.

"Will it take long? Will it take long?" he whispered, and waited in piteous anxiety for an answer. But none came. He was dying alone in all the terrible loneliness of that awful place. And again the murmur rose upon the still air: "Will it take long?" The torture, the burning agony—would it be long before death conquered? In that moment all its bitterness went over his soul and overwhelmed him; all the terror of that awful wrench—the ceasing to be—with the ghostly night, the loneliness, the black shadows that lay so thick in the valley—all, rose up before him, and he shrank away in fear and dumb helplessness as a child from the dark. He had done all against his better judgment, he had known himself to be in the wrong and yet he had persisted in going his own way. This—this was the penalty for his insubordination, and in the still night his soul cried out against it in mute anguish. He could not die alone. It was too silent, too awful, there in the moonlight, with the weird shadows of he knew not what hovering about him. He dared not go alone into the cold River, nor face the other Side alone.

What lay beyond? O God, what lay beyond? All the teaching of his childhood floated dim and indistinct through his bewildered brain. Of one thing only was he fully conscious, and that was that he was alone. Had he known of the near presence of an enemy in that moment he would have been thankful. But there was nothing, nothing human, nothing tangible, nothing he could see. After a time, he revived a little and began to take himself to task for his nervous fears.

He told himself that he was a coward and he despised himself for it, but that could not alter the fact that he was afraid, horribly afraid. He wondered vaguely if among all those soldiers lying so close to him, there were one as great

a coward as he. And he called himself a soldier! His face burnt for very shame at the thought. And then the awful loneliness forced itself upon him once more, and blotted out all but the pain of his wound and the singing in his ears. It faded off into a dim dream at last, in which de Vere was forever staring lazily at him, "like an owl in the sunshine," as some one had once said, and repeating in his slow, languid tones, "Don't deceive yourself, Clarence. Your life belongs to Her Majesty, so long as you are in Her Majesty's Service. You have no right to throw away what is not your own." Well, de Vere was right. He ought not to have thrown it away. But it was too late to say that now, and as the drowsiness of stupor crept over him, Clarence was even conscious of a feeling of repose. Dying was easier than he had imagined. He had sunk into the dull pain of semi-consciousness, and lying there in the white moonlight, he was telling himself sleepily that after all it didn't matter; no one knew, no one would ever know, and very few would care, and the agony and fear of death were already over for him. Then he fell to wondering, still in that dreamy maze of stupor, where de Vere was, whether if he knew he would be sorry, or whether he would condemn him without pity. It would be just a little hard if he did the latter, but then, as he would never know, as the secret of his death would go with him into the darkness, as— Something impelled Clarence to open his eyes when he had inwardly arrived at this point, and then with a sharp exclamation, his hand moved upwards.

"De Vere!"

"All right," came the answer, and instantly another hand closed over his. "Did I hurt you? Don't move. I am going to lift you up."

Yes, it was de Vere kneeling beside him, raising him to lean back against his knee, and a great sob choked the younger man's thanks as he looked up into the major's blue eyes.

"I see the mischief," said another voice cheerily. "A knife in the poor chap's thigh."

"Hone," gasped Clarence faintly.

"Yes, old man, we are all here, you

see—de Vere, this other chap and I—and we are going to take you back to camp when I have done my humble best to strap you up. Sure it's a precious good thing for you that the main arteries were avoided. Don't know much about it myself, but I rather think you would have made your bow already unless they had been."

"But how is it that——" began Clarence.

"I have been looking for you for the last two hours or more," de Vere interrupted quietly, "and I had almost given up hope of finding you when Hone——"

It was Clarence's turn to interrupt now, and he broke in eagerly: "You have been looking for me? You mean you left camp for that purpose?"

"Certainly," replied the major with dignity.

"But—but—" Clarence struggled to speak in vain for some moments, and finally giving up the attempt, fell back limp and helpless in de Vere's arms, in a weak fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Don't be an idiot," de Vere whispered sternly, "You will attract those confounded sharpshooters who are sneaking all round here. Clarence, do you hear?"

But Clarence could no more check mirth than tears at that moment, and the major, who had hitherto seen nothing but a quiet, rather reserved man, was surprised at his lack of self-control. But then he judged all men by his own standard, and he did not know of the torture through which Clarence had passed. A nature like de Vere's would have calmly accepted the inevitable: but Clarence, sensitive to a degree, had endured more positive agony in that half-hour of awful loneliness than most men in the close contemplation of death, and his nerves had well-nigh given way under the strain he had put upon himself. He had maintained entire self-command before, but now that he had found a support and strength upon which to lean, together with the consciousness that he need think for himself no longer, a reaction had set in, and he lay back, panting hysterically, against de Vere. The major, who was nothing if not practical, laid a hasty hand over Clarence's mouth.

"All right?" questioned Hone.

"Yes, but a trifle light-headed. Are you ready to lift him up?"

"Wait a moment," whispered Clarence, as de Vere moved his hand. Hone dropped down impetuously beside him. "Bear up, old man, for Heaven's sake. We won't go back without you, and it means death to us all if we dawdle here much longer."

"Hone, one moment!" Clarence struggled in vain to raise himself, and the captain stooped over him. "If I come out of this, all right, never mind; but if I don't, tell de Vere—tell the major—that I came out of camp to find him—and—" with a gasp and groan of pain—"he has found me instead."

"I thought as much," muttered Hone. "Right old fellow. I will see to it that he knows. Now, are you ready?"

Clarence did not answer, and when they lifted him they found that he had fainted.

* * * *

"How is he going on?" de Vere asked anxiously, waylaying one of the surgeons, as he left the tent whither Clarence had been carried. "Have you made your examination? What have you decided upon?"

The old drowsiness of speech and appearance had gone, and it was with a touch of surprise that the doctor observed the evident perturbation of the usually calm, unmoved officer.

"I cannot say at present," he began.

"Oh, yes, you can," broke in Major de Vere, roughly. "You know if the boy will live or die."

"Oh, it is not so bad as that, at least I hope not," replied the doctor. "He is very seriously wounded, but, I trust, not dangerously."

The major heaved a sigh of relief. "And the operation? Shall you have to—"

"I fear so. If we can save his leg, we shall, you may be sure of that. But if there is any sign of inflammation—"

"I understand. And there is not at present? Can I go and see him? I am not likely to excite him."

"Yes, go. He has been asking for you."

De Vere needed no second bidding. With an eagerness that was almost boyish, he started off, and a few minutes

more found him seated beside Clarence, who was lying, evidently in great pain, his bedclothes recklessly flung off.

"I can't bear them. They are too heavy," he said, in answer to a remonstrance from the major. "It was good of you to come, Major de Vere. I expected you," with a transient smile. "I daresay you know why. Hone will have told you."

"My dear boy, I know nothing," said de Vere, in the old, sleepy tones, though his eyes were a little wider than usual. "You must explain yourself if you expect to be understood."

"He did not tell you after all, then? Good fellow! I was afraid he would. Well, perhaps it is not worth telling. If I had died I should have liked you to know, but as I am not dead at present, I don't care. I wonder what induced you to come and look for me, as I conclude you did. Would you mind telling me?"

Major de Vere drew himself up straight and stiff. "I imagined you might stand in need of help of some kind," he answered.

"Awfully good of you. I suppose the idea that you might get killed didn't strike you? Are you invulnerable, or only false to the principles you profess?"

The major's face was a study. All he said was, "What do you wish to imply?"

"That you deserve to be shot, that's all."

A dead silence, then Clarence moved uneasily and flung out his arm over the major's knee.

"You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Do you know yourself?" asked de Vere, with a faint smile.

"Don't you remember that discussion we had—you and Hone and I—that last night at Aldershot? You said that a man who left the camp against orders deserved to be shot, didn't you?"

De Vere's face flushed, and he laughed a little shamefacedly.

"My dear Clarence, I only gave out my views in order to squash yours. You have the best of me now, and I will own it. But if I had not come to your assistance—?"

"I should have 'made my bow,' as Hone elegantly phrases it. Yes, I know, and thank you for it all the same. I expect, you will get the V.C., and I shall be the first to congratulate you if you do. I will see that you are properly howled at though, if ever I get the chance. You convinced me that night, and I thought you a regular martinet. I find that I was never more mistaken in my life. I think we can cry quits now, and shake hands on it, can't we?"

"Certainly. Perhaps now you would be good enough to tell me how you came to be out of camp last night?"

"Ah, that's the point. Sure you have him there, de Vere," observed a cheery, Irish voice, and the ubiquitous Hone thrust aside the canvas and entered. "Now, Clarence, my boy, own up, don't blush." Clarence did blush furiously, and stammered something unintelligible, while Hone laughed.

"You don't shine in relating your own gallant deeds, old chap," he said, "You don't expect me to do it for you I hope. Pray don't affect the shy modesty of English youth, or, Holy Patrick——"

"Stow it, Hone," broke in de Vere, with sudden energy. "You silly idiot, can't you keep your patron saint out of the way and let the lad speak?"

Clarence recovered himself hastily. "You may as well know the whole," he said, jerkily. "The fact is, I came in late, found you missing, thought you had been left behind wounded, and went to look for you."

"Very concise," commented the irrepressible Hone. "Does you credit, my son. De Vere, I hope you feel flattered to hear that you were the object of this wild-goose chase, begging your pardon for the expression. It isn't usual, you know, for younger officers to run after their superiors in this fashion. It doesn't sound disinterested, but, on the faith of an Irishman, it is."

De Vere had leant forward in his chair, his eyes wide open and strangely soft. "I am much obliged to you, Clarence," he said, briefly.

"I didn't mean you to know," Clarence faltered in confusion.

"Why not?"

"Because——" he paused, then his

natural reserve came to his aid, and the presence of the grinning Hone goaded him to desperation. "Really, Major de Vere, I think my reasons are my own, and may remain so for the present."

Captain Hone burst into his hearty laugh. "My dear chap, you are a rum one. First you smile and blush like any schoolgirl, then you freeze into——"

"Oh, shut up, Hone," put in the major, leaning back again, and speaking once more in his laziest drawl. "Can't you go and distribute your pleasantries elsewhere? Have you permission to be here?"

"Not I, but then I was sure of my welcome, don't you know," replied Hone, bowing with his hand on his heart; "while you——"

"Order you out instantly," interrupted de Vere, suddenly. "Clear out, if you please. I obtained permission to visit Clarence, and while I am here he is in my charge. So out you go, or, by your patron saint, I will report you."

The look of amazement on the captain's face was almost too comical for his superior's gravity, but he did maintain it and pointed majestically towards the entrance. Gradually it began to dawn upon Hone that his company was not essential to the other two. But the knowledge did not offend him in the least. He laughed good-naturedly, shook his fist at de Vere, and departed still chuckling.

Then the major turned and surveyed his companion's dark, defiant face, with a complacent smile. But when he spoke all the affectation usually apparent in his manner, had vanished. "It was a strange coincidence that each of us should have been hunting for the other," he remarked.

"Yes," Clarence agreed, "very strange."

De Vere laughed a little. "The fact is, I had no right whatever to be out of camp, still less than you had, and certainly no right to take Private Jackson with me. But I went with a view to bringing you back, and I was not sure I could manage it single-handed. I say I had less right than you to be where I was, because I was fool enough to go to Colonel Mortimer and solicit special

permission. The result was that I was strictly forbidden to do anything but go to bed and stay there. That is all my story, except that we had spent two hours looking for you, and were giving you up, when Hone appeared on the scene and told us that you were safe in camp. It seems that he had come out to look for me. Then we were cutting back and stumbled upon you. I understand the whole story now, though I must confess that it puzzled me somewhat to know what had induced you to quit the camp when you had reached it once in safety. It was uncommonly plucky of you to come out again alone."

There was a long silence. At length Clarence turned his face towards the major, crimson with shame. "You needn't say that," he said in a smothered voice; "I was never so frightened of the dark in my life."

The confession cost him an effort, for he was not accustomed to talk confidences of any sort, and perhaps Major de Vere understood when he answered, "You are the pluckiest fellow I know, Clarence. Remember the courage of a true gentleman surpasses mere bull-dog courage."

Clarence glanced at him gratefully, and met in return a look in the blue eyes that few men had ever seen there. Not

another word passed between them on the subject. Perhaps both men felt that the foundation of a life-long friendship lay too deep for words.

* * * *

Six months later, round an English mess-table the story of their mutual search was related. But though true to his word, Clarence saw that Major de Vere was "properly howled at" for inconsistency, the major smiled serenely, even drowsily, as he gazed at the reward "For Valour" on his breast. Hone wore it too, with a gravity of countenance that was somewhat startling. And Clarence—with neither clasp nor medal, only a limp which the doctor said would disappear in time, and which, Hone declared, gave him the airs of a veteran—was alternately condoled with for the untimely end of his first campaign and congratulated on his recovery, by all the officers in the regiment.

"He is the most deserving of the three, I think," the colonel said, his hand through the young man's arm.

"Right for you, sir," cried Hone, excitedly. "And—you can ask de Vere if you don't believe me—he is the finest fellow and the most gallant officer 'in Her Majesty's Service.'"



DECEMBER SONG



At the end of the year my Friend of the year
Is dear as when first she came to me,
In wonder of white, with her eyes alight,
And her lips in tune, and her heart in June—
Her heart that is ever the same to me.
The flowers have failed, and the skies have paled,
But the season is sweet with her name to me.

Who grows tired of a joy desired,
Oh, my heart that has hoped so long?
Who grows cold when the heavens unfold,
Oh, my heart that has groped so long?—
Thus I cried when she came to me,
And the joy is ever the same to me.

Sing! Sing! A bird in the Spring
Has never so many delights to trill
As I who live in December and sing
For sheer light-heartedness, sheer goodwill.
I envy the notes of the birds—
I, with my plain little words.
But, oh, at the thought of it all,
I cannot but clamour and call
The joy that was new when she came to me,
The joy that is ever the same to me.

J. J. BELL.

The Home of the Muses

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD H. COCKS



It is passing strange that a nation so devoted to its Muses whilst living should show so small concern in raising memorials to them when their song rests "in expressive silence."

Whilst on the one hand we are daily reading communications from various people, clamouring for the Society of Arts to distribute its tablets as a distinguishing mark upon the houses which once gave shelter to the now illustrious dead, the fact seems to have been overlooked that Poets' Corner holds no memorial to any of the following:—Akenside, Mrs. Browning, Byron, Burns, Chaucer, Coleridge, Cowper, Mrs. Hemans, Hogg, Keats, Moore, Pope, Scott, Shelley, Southey, or, to abbreviate the list, Wordsworth. As a representative Valhalla of British poets then it has no claim.

The following suggestion was put forward some few years back, to place the name of those distinguished personages in a cartouch together with date of birth and death, while a statue should be erected to such names as Chaucer, Shakespeare, or Milton.

In the Lake district, where so many of our poets have chanted their immortal lays, we find but few memorials to their name; and as a distinguished writer has said:—"I shall die and be forgotten, and the world will go on just as if I had never been;—and yet how I have loved! How I have longed! How I have aspired!"

But to Keswick and its neighbourhood we will proceed, and stir up the recollections of a glorious country.

The Parish Church of Crosthwaite is thus described by Southey in his own words:—"Though the Vale of Keswick owes little of its beauty to any work of man, the position of its church is singularly fortunate. It stands alone about half-a-mile from the town, and somewhat further from the foot of Skiddaw, and though not to be compared with the beautiful village churches of Lincolnshire and the West of England, there are few in these northern counties which equal it, and none perhaps in any part of the kingdom which forms a finer object from the surrounding country."

And here it is that Robert Southey himself, poet, historian and essayist, is laid to rest. His grave is on the north side of the tower and is marked by a plain tomb, merely recording his birth and death and that of his wife Edith. The monument is to be found opposite the porch entrance, and consists of a pedestal of Caen stone, on which reposes a full-length figure in white marble. It is deemed to represent a faithful likeness of Southey in his best years. This beautiful specimen of sculpture was executed by Lough, at a cost of £1,100, raised by private subscription among Southey's personal friends. The epitaph was worded by his successor in the Laureateship—another devotee of the Lake district—Wordsworth.

From the bridge at the north end of the town, looking eastward some 200 yards, we shall espy a very solid-looking mansion, its light colour standing in strong contrast to the dark and heavy foliage which surrounds and



GRETA HALL. SOUTHEY'S HOME AND WHERE COLERIDGE LIVED

almost hides it. This, then, is Greta Hall.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a great admirer of Southey, was the first dweller at the Hall, until 1801, when Southey paid a visit, and being enamoured of the surroundings, took up his abode, which in after years received so many hallowing memories from his genius.

The scenery visible from the library window was the source which gave inspirations both broad and deep to both these poets, Southey frequently making reference to it in verse, and Coleridge thus describing it :—"Our house stands on a low hill. Behind the house is an orchard and a small wood on a steep slope, at the foot of which flows the river Greta, which winds round and catches the evening lights in front of the house. In front we have a giant's camp, an encamped army of tent-like mountains, which, by an inverted arch, gives a view of another vale. On our right the lovely wedge-shaped lake of Bassenthwaite, and on our left Derwent-water and Lodore in full view (celebrated by Southey in dithyrambics) and the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale.

Behind us, the massy Skiddaw, smooth, green, high, with two chasms, and a tent-like ridge in the larger. A fairer scene you have not in all your wanderings. Without going from our grounds, we have all that can please a human being."

Thus wrote Coleridge of Greta Hall.

It was in 1803 that Southey and his wife Edith settled at Greta Hall, and where for forty years he remained, closing a distinguished life at the age of 70, in March, 1843.

On the side of the road, opposite Applethwaite village, stands a cottage of grey stone, with a garden and surrounding coppice.

This place is still the property of the Wordsworth family, and the occasion of its passing into the possession of this time-honoured family is deserving of notice.

Coleridge, in the year 1803, then tenant of Greta Hall, was lodging with one Sir George Beaumont, who was a descendant of the Elizabethan dramatist, best remembered in connection with the name of a fellow-dramatist, Fletcher.

Sir George was the first to appreciate

the genius of the future Laureate, and being informed by Coleridge of the friendship that existed between the two poets, Sir George purchased this plot of land, presenting it to Wordsworth, whom he merely knew by his poetical effusions.

"I had a most ardent desire to bring you and Coleridge together," Sir George is said to have observed to Wordsworth afterwards. "I thought with pleasure on the increase of enjoyment you would receive from the beauties of nature, by being able to communicate more frequently your sensations to each other, and that this would be a means of contributing to the pleasure and improvement of the world by stimulating you both to poetical exertion."

But this lived merely as a kindly

intention which never had an opportunity of coming to pass.

Coleridge soon afterwards sought a warmer clime among the islands of Sicily and Malta, while Southey had settled down in his home at Greta, and Wordsworth—to brand the haunts of Grasmere for all time with his illustrious name.

It must be here mentioned that Wordsworth was not oblivious to Sir George's well-intentioned offer, for he immortalises the fact in the accompanying sonnet :—

Beaumont ! it was thy wish that I should rear
A seemly cottage in this sunny dell,
On favoured ground, thy gift,—where I might dwell
In neighbourhood with one to me most dear ;
That, undivided, we from year to year
Might work in our high calling.



WORDSWORTH'S SEAT

Gray, the author of his best known "Elegy," spent a week in Keswick during the year 1769.

He speaks of the enchanting view from Castlerigg as follows (the view from the brow of the summit, it should be stated, overlooks the vale of Derwent-water, with Bassenthwaite Lake at its foot, a view unequalled anywhere else in the Kingdom):—

"I left Keswick and took the Ambleside road on a gloomy morning, and about one mile from the town, mounted Castlerigg, whilst the sun breaking out,

worth. 1850. Mary Wordsworth. 1859."

And "Rydal Mount," for many years the dwelling of this the greatest of Lake poets, is close at hand.

Coleridge, Southey, Hartley Coleridge, Sir Walter Scott and Thomas de Quincey have, both by their residence and visits, made the name of Grasmere illustrious.

Within a few yards, too, of Grasmere Lake, at Town End, is the ever-famous "Dove Cottage," which has of late years been bought by public subscription to be



DOVE COTTAGE

discovered the most enchanting view I had yet seen of the valley behind me—the two lakes, the river, the mountains, all in their glory."

The picturesque vale of Grasmere is familiar to every tourist. The little hamlet of Grasmere offers innumerable attractions and associations which have connection with many great names.

In Grasmere churchyard we find the last resting-place of Wordsworth, marked out not with any elaborate epitaph, but distinguished, if only by its sweet simplicity: "William Words-

worth. 1793-1850. A memorial of Wordsworth's early life as poet.

It was within this simple little dwelling that he wrote many of his finest efforts, from 1799 to 1808.

When Wordsworth left "Dove Cottage," Thomas de Quincey took possession and lived there for many years.

The interior of this white-washed residence has been described as follows: "A small entry leads us into a low room, about 16 feet long by 12 broad, panelled from floor to ceiling with dark, polished oak. This is the kitchen. A doorway

opens on to a small staircase. Fourteen stairs lead us into De Quincey's sitting-room, a room about the same size as the kitchen described. The ceiling is low, not more than seven and a-half feet from the floor. The furniture of the room is of the plainest, but the wealth of books marks the bent of its owner. Some 5,000 volumes surround the apartment, and this appears to be the only distinguishing feature of the place."

Of De Quincey in person, the same authority relates:—

"He is a singular figure. A little man, and very carelessly dressed, but

with a wonderful head. It is large in proportion to his diminutive body. The face lived the sculptured past in every lineament, from brow to chin, small and wrinkly. But over the deep-set eyes rises the high, disproportionately high, head and forehead."

But—one serpent entered into this scholar's literary paradise, it was the too-seductive opium.

"And so singing" (to quote a later-day Muse), "their eyes grow brighter and brighter, until the veil of flesh is threadbare, and, still singing, they drop it and pass onward."



"N A N"



A SUNNY-HAIRED girl, with a wild-rose face,

Such was Nan;

Her laugh was as joyous as carol of bird;

When she sang, her heart's sweetness enriched every word;

When she pleaded, each pulse in your being was stirred

By my Nan.

A broken white lily, still fragrant and fair,

Is my Nan;

In her sweet eyes there dwelleth a wonderful light,

As if Heaven had granted her some vision bright;

But for me, all alone, 'twill be blackest of night

Without Nan.

Where the sun's farewell kisses fall warm on each grave,

Lieth Nan;

Above her the roses and clematis creep,

And o'er her their showers of white petals weep:

Ere they blossom again, I pray I may sleep

Beside Nan.

"SWEETBRIAR."



THE INTERNATIONAL.



a Wellis
Mills
199.

WRITTEN BY REGINALD BACCHUS AND RANGER GULL

ILLUSTRATED BY A. WALLIS MILLS

DINNERS in celebration, and at the conclusion, of football matches are, at the Universities, not infrequently calculated to inspire the temperance advocate with horror. When, by reason of the train service, one is compelled to dine at five, after having played football till four, one is very tired, and one is also very, very thirsty. Wherefore, as it is not good to slake an ungovernable thirst with Oxford champagne, the last half-hours on these occasions are undoubtedly festive. Then it is that the speeches are made.

A Cambridge College, celebrated no less for its excellence in field sports than for its habit of embracing the slightest opportunity for a display of conscientious hospitality, had that afternoon lost their annual Rugby football match to an equally celebrated College at Oxford. The rival teams were now improving the occasion in the dining-hall of an hotel. The necessary speechifying had apparently finished, and there remained a delightful twenty minutes in which one might pledge all in sight for every conceivable reason, when the Oxford Captain, a man with a clear-cut, sensitive face, very handsome, and surprisingly sober, rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you've not quite done with me yet; I've got one more toast—no heel-taps, mark you—to propose. I want you to drink to the health of Mr. Geoffrey Seaton, who has to-day done the College the honour of getting his international cap. And I may say, that though he was ploughed three times in smalls, took four shots at mods, and stands no earthly chance of ever getting through a final school at all, we all feel sure that however intoxicated he may be at present, it'll take a good many Welshmen to stop him on Saturday. Gentlemen, Mr. Seaton—Geoff, old chap, good luck."

For some minutes there was indiscriminate noise, through which an expert in these gatherings could make out the semblance of the chant of "He's a jolly good fellow." When it was done, and the fallen heroes safely re-anchored in their chairs, the object of so much congratulatory uproar was pushed into an attitude that was upright in intention but somewhat lopsided in execution, and stood, six feet two of length by twelve stone six of good bone and muscle, swaying gently with a smile of supreme content. His seat was close to the curtained end of the room, and the bright light of the candles threw his face into a relief like that of an

actor behind the footlights. The massive curve of his great shoulders was only dimly outlined against the sombre background.

"Thanks very much," he said, "I thank you all and I drink to you all, and if there was time, I'd drink with each one of you separately. And that, gentlemen, is all you will get out of me if you yell 'Speech! Speech!' till the trump of doom."



"HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT, GLASS IN AIR"

He stood for a minute, glass in air, beaming at the faces that laughed back at his—a genial and fascinating personality. Then he drained his glass, and, sitting down quickly, promptly replenished it.

A little clean-shaven, fat man, a light of the dramatic club, who made no secret of his intention to be one

day a real actor, sang them the tale of the "Cobler's Sister of Bicester," and her amatory disasters. They all howled the chorus, and in the intervals of howling, drank heavily and with manifest enjoyment. A roar of general conversation followed the singing.

Fifteen young men from Cambridge and a like number from Oxford, all fresh from the public schools, have perforce many friends in common and much to say.

Seaton was thoroughly in his element as he leant back in his chair, chatting to the Cambridge men on either side, shouting an intermittent conversation with Pearce, the Oxford Captain, at the head of the table, and keeping up a running fire of chaff with every one else.

He was a very popular man, and he had that afternoon set the seal on his popularity by scoring as brilliant a try as the Parks had ever seen. Also, a telegram had come from the Rugby Union, according him his international Cap for the match against Wales, an honour which, in the opinion of Oxford, should have long since been his.

His parents were rich, and he was lounging happily through his undergraduate life, excelling in every outdoor sport, and receiving more invitations to dinners and wines for every night than he could possibly accept in a week. His ambition was to be at the top of the tree in every outdoor sport, and though he made no pretence at all to read, he was a general favourite with the Dons, who saved their consciences by regularly threatening to send him down, a threat which he knew perfectly well they would never put into execution.

It is not nice at seven o'clock in the evening to be compelled to break up a pleasant dinner, but the Great Western Railway waits for no man, and Dons at Cambridge are prone to regard the alleged missing of a train as an excuse for absence not above suspicion. It is even better to puncture your tyre, but in this case, do not, as the foolish, walk in the morning under the Dean's windows in a frock coat and top hat. Pearce, at last, aided by the Cambridge Captain, herded the diners, an unwilling flock, through the doors. Seaton had waited

for him, and with one Howells-Martin, who completed a trio of fast friends, they walked together into the hall of the hotel.

A girl was sitting in the window of the hotel office on the left—a pretty girl with masses of fluffy fair hair and a complexion that looked very brilliant over the white chiffon collar of her dress. She looked hard at Seaton, and coloured with pleasure as he crossed the hall to speak to her.

"Oh, Mr. Seaton," she said, "you've been taking too much again. I do hate to see it."

"Don't talk rot, Kitty; I'm as sober as a proctor in the morning.—I'll be back in an hour, and you'll see."

"I hope I shall," said the girl, with a little pout, as he hurried into the street, and swung himself into the waiting omnibus with a parting wave of the hand.

After a commendable imitation of pandemonium on the platform, and after Seaton had been with difficulty extracted from a saloon carriage, through the window of which he had been loudly proclaiming his intention to go and live at Cambridge for ever, the train was started.

Pearce stood for a few moments with Seaton, whose cheers shook the roof, and watched it steam slowly round the curve till the flickering tail-lights disappeared into blackness. Then he took his arm. "Come on, old chap," he said, "and for heaven's sake shut your mouth. The proctor-men'll be here in a minute, they're dead keen to stop station-ragging."

Even as he spoke there came a vision of white ties in a doorway, and the majesty of the law, in the person of a little plump Don and three lusty henchmen walked into the glare of the lights.

"This way," called Pearce, "down the subway," and he pulled Seaton after him. Martin followed, and in another minute all three were in the open air at the other side of the station.

"Lucky escape, Geoff," said Martin. "It would never have done for you to be progged again."

They walked up Queen Street, Seaton, who was quite drunk, singing the refrain

of the "Cobler's Sister" at the top of his voice.

At Carfax there was a great crowd, and as far as they could see, Corn Street, the High, and St. Aldate's were black with people.

"What's the fuss about?" said Martin.

"The Prince, of course," answered Pearce; "don't you remember he was to stop and dine in Oxford on his way back to town. You two had better come up to my rooms for a bit, we can come out later and see him go."

Pearce lived in New Inn Hall Street, and as they made their way there, jostling against the groups of undergraduates and townsmen, he had great difficulty in preventing Seaton, who was very much excited, from picking a quarrel with every man whom they met. It was a great relief to get out of the noise and riot of the town, and it was an additional relief to Pearce when at last he had got Seaton safely into his rooms. He was a difficult man to manage when in his cups, and another serious breach with the authorities would almost certainly have resulted in his being sent down. They sat down in the cushioned window-seat and let the cool night air play upon their faces. It was very quiet and still in the little side street, and the moon high in the sky cast sharp black shadows on the Union gardens below. Seaton was the first to move. "I must have another drink," he said, and lurched towards the table. Martin got up and going to a cupboard found a bottle of brandy and some glasses.

To Pearce, as he sat alone and watched the fine white glory of the moon, the conviction came, so suddenly that it was pain, that this life was very foul and ugly. He heard the swish of the syphon and Seaton's gurgle of content as he drained his glass, and turning back into the room, he saw Martin chuckling over some doubtful joke in a pink paper. Seaton and he had come up to Oxford together from the same public school, where they had been great friends, and the friendship had lost none of its warmth in the larger life of the University. Both were athletes and popular men, but while Seaton was content to make success in games the chief aim in

his life, and to partake joyously in all the coarser pleasures that offered themselves, Pearce was cast in a finer mould, and often, after a night of drunken folly, something very like remorse would come to him in the morning. Martin was different, and though on the best of terms with the athletic set, took no part in games himself. He would often say that the duties of the croupier at roulette were sufficient physical exercise to keep him in thoroughly good condition. Instinctively a gambler and essentially a *viveur* he was a very well-known figure in the faster side of the University social life.

"You're a fool to get blind like this Geoff," said Pearce coming forward into the room. "You'll have to lie pretty low if you're going to be anything like fit for the Welsh match."

"Nonsense," was the answer. "You know I can stand a night like this five times a week if I like, or if you don't know you ought to by now."

"Oh, Seaton's all right," said Martin. "He's one of those lucky beggars who can run about a footer field like a race-horse, drink till all's blue, and wake up in the morning with an eye as bright as a girl of fifteen—wish I was myself."

"Well, I suppose you ought to know," said Pearce; "you're considered an authority on drink, aren't you? All I know is that I can't burn the candle at both ends myself, and I'm considered pretty strong."

"Oh, shut up preaching, Pearce," said Seaton, getting up from his chair with a yawn; "it doesn't suit you. Meanwhile let's make a move, if I stick here much longer I shall sleep."

"If you'll come into College, we shall find some roulette in Smith's rooms," said Martin.

"Oh, I don't feel like a gamble," said Pearce, "and I can't stand the sort of men you meet at Smith's, Lord knows where he picks 'em up. Let's go for a stroll."

As they went out of the house, a newsboy passed, displaying a large lettered contents bill—"Full account of the Prince's visit to Oxford."

"I'd forgotten all about it," said Pearce. "Come on, you men, we'll see him go."

As they passed out into Corn Street, they found that the noise of the streets had become very loud, and that there was a distinct note of anger in the shouting voices. Patrols of police were trying to keep order in the crowd, and mounted constables sat uneasily on their horses at every corner. They reached Carfax just in time to see a closed carriage drive quickly past and then the centre of the road that had been kept clear became at once alive with men. Left to itself the crowd of noisy undergraduates would have soon dispersed, but the large force of police that had been imported for the occasion made the error of mistaking a mere rowdy demonstration for a possible riot and were trying to deal with it as such.

"This will be serious in a minute or two," said Martin.

"Yes," answered Pearce under his breath. "Le Feore of the House told me there might be a bit of a rag. Let's get Seaton home or he'll commit a breach of the peace. Come on, Geoff," he went on aloud, "let's go and see Smith."

But Seaton was not to be persuaded.

"I wouldn't miss such a chance of a rag for the world," he said; "this looks like being a rare old-fashioned town and gown. I'll come into the Clarendon for a drink, and then we'll go all round the town."

They made their way to the hotel with great difficulty and stopped for a moment at the entrance of the courtyard, waiting for an opportunity to gain the steps leading to the main door, which were blocked by a dense crowd.

"If any more of these damned little townees run up against me, one of 'em will get a thick ear," said Seaton as he wrenched himself into the open space or the yard. As he spoke there was a shouted order and the mounted police began to trot their horses down the street. The crowd gave way on all sides and a gorgeous young haberdasher, who was clumsily rioting in joyous imagination that he was behaving like an undergraduate, was sent spinning across the pavement. He tripped across Seaton's leg, and recovering himself with an oath, struck violently with his stick at the latter's hat. The stick fell heavily

across Seaton's eyes, half blinding him for the moment; then with a roar of anger he rushed at the young man and struck him repeatedly about the face and body with his clenched hands.

"Leave him alone, you fool, you'll kill the poor devil," shouted Pearce, struggling vainly to hold Seaton's arms.

Martin pushed the young tradesman aside, "Be off, you little fool, can't you see whom you're quarrelling with?" he said.

Mad with anger and with his face streaming with blood, the young man aimed another vicious blow with his stick, and then, turning, ran down the court. Seaton, in whom drink had

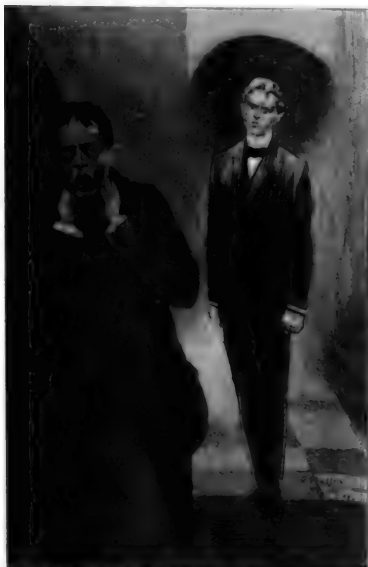
excited a savage fury, totally at variance with his usual genial good-nature, tore himself from Pearce, and, catching the wretched young man in a few strides, jerked him round with his left hand while with his right he struck him very heavily on the apple of the throat. The young man staggered backwards, and putting his hands quickly to his neck, leant for a moment, almost still, against the wall, his eyes rolling slowly in their sockets. Then all at once his feet began to shuffle, and, tripping like a drunken man, he slipped clumsily to the ground and lay huddled on his side. The blood gurgled from his throat and spread in a thin lake over the flagstones.

The tide of riot rushed past and they were left to themselves in the little court. It was quite silent now but for the clatter of the dishes that the waiters were removing from the room where earlier that evening, they had dined so joyously.

"Get Seaton away at once, into College, anywhere," said Martin; "I'll stay here."

When he was alone, kneeling over the body, he felt with his hand for the beating of the heart, but it needed no expert to tell him that life in the huddled thing was extinct, and he shuddered with a sick fear as he found himself for the first time in his life face to face with death. He peered into the face, and the skin, where it showed between the streaks and splashes of blood, was white and drawn, while the wide open, staring eyes were full of terror.

For several moments he knelt there, powerless to think or act, till suddenly the courtyard became all full of light. A waiter had come to the big window and drawn up the blind before closing the shutters. Martin heard him humming the refrain of the "Cobbler's



"LEANT FOR A MOMENT, ALMOST STILL, AGAINST THE WALL"

Sister," as he stood fumbling with the bolts. All at once he realised the danger of his position and stumbled to his feet, his hand, as he raised himself, splashing into the pool of blood. Then, thrusting his dripping fingers deep into his pocket, he hurried out of the court.

The rioters had been cleared from that part of the town and there were but few people in the streets, but Martin read suspicion in every face that passed, and in his pocket his hand was damp and nerveless. The roar of the distant crowd that came to him over the house-tops seemed sinister and threatening; as he turned out of Corn Street, he was running quickly. Instinctively he had gone towards his own rooms, but the fear of being alone with his awful knowledge stopped him on the doorstep.

Noise, society, and drink he felt that he must have, and he remembered the roulette party in Smith's rooms.

The porter saluted him with a cheery good-night as he stepped through the little wicket in the College gate, and added, "Mr. Pearce, sir, told me to say that he was with Mr. Smith, and would you come up at once."

Smith lived high up in the further quadrangle, and as Martin climbed the stairs he could hear a noise of singing and the jingle of a vamping accompaniment. The room was crowded with men who had come for a gamble after the football dinner. The roulette wheel and the green cloths still lay on the table, but the game was over and the players were all standing and sitting round the piano, where a sandy-haired youth gave imitations of popular music-hall singers. Seaton, glass in hand, sat on the table, and his voice was loud and cheery as with closed eyes he bawled the choruses of the songs. Every one's back was turned to the door and Martin entered unnoticed. He crossed quickly to the bedroom, and, tearing off his coat, began to wash the bloodstains from his hand, scraping frantically at his fingers with pumice-stone.

Almost directly the door opened, and Pearce was beside him.

"I saw you come in," he said. "What's happened? Is the chap all right?"

"He's stone dead," answered Martin.

"Oh my God, it was awful! I left him lying there. My hands are all covered with blood; do look at my coat, and see if there's any on the sleeve. It's that chap in Gaskell's shop—the tall one; I could only just recognise him. What does Seaton think? Does he think he only hurt the man, or what?"

"He's blind drunk now," said Pearce, "and doesn't remember anything. What on earth we ought to do, God only knows. Of course, it's manslaughter, if not worse. Do you think any one noticed?—did any one see you there?"

"A waiter came to the window, and I got frightened and cut," answered Martin. "But I don't think he saw me. Even if he did, my back was towards him, and he couldn't have recognised me. No one even passed by the court after you had gone. It's lucky we were dressed, and not wearing any colours."

"Every one knows Seaton," said Pearce. "If any one actually saw it done, he'll be arrested to-morrow; but there was such a riot that I really don't think that a soul knows but ourselves. We had better suppose so for the time, at any rate. Let's get Seaton to bed, and we'll talk the thing quietly over by ourselves. We must get some definite plan settled to-night. Put your coat on, and come out into the other room. I can't see any mark on the sleeve."

In the sitting-room, the singer had exhausted his reminiscences and the men had fallen into talk of the rioting, each trying to make prominent his own particular share in the adventures of the night.

"Never had such a time in my life," a fat, chubby-cheeked boy, who was very carefully dressed, was saying. "I couldn't stand the crowd—much too rough, and smelt awful—so we all went up to Parkhurst's rooms in Queen's, and squirted the 'Bobbies' like blazes with syphons—used about four dozen."

"Tubby would be safe," said a big man with a fair moustache; "he thoroughly understands the art of battle from a distance. I got left by myself, and had rather a thin time. I wanted some one like Geoff with me. By the way, Geoff, where did you get to? We lost you when the Proggins came. You

seem to have been in the wars, too. Where did you get that black eye?"

"Some little brute of a counter-jumper swiped me with his stick," said Seaton. "I don't think he got much change out of it; I was damned drunk, but I remember hitting him pretty hard. Old Pearce took me away—he's been watching me like a mother all the evening."

"I'm going to take you away once more," said Pearce. "It's getting on for twelve now, and you've got a good way to go."

The clock struck the quarter as he spoke, and most of the party got up, and began searching for caps and gowns. Martin found Seaton's, and with several other men they groped their way down the dark staircase into the quadrangle.

"That blasted porter's been pretty sharp with the lights to-night," said Seaton, as he stumbled at last on to the gravel. "If some one gets killed on these stairs, he ought to swing for murder. Good night, Smith," he shouted up to the window. "Don't forget lunch to-morrow."

The porch was very full of men, entering and leaving the College, and congratulations to Seaton were shouted from all sides as they passed out of the gate.

Seaton lived in Wellington Square, and during the ten minutes of their walk no word was spoken by either of the men. They got him quickly to bed, and, leaving him sleeping quite peacefully, were soon back at Pearce's door in New Inn Hall Street. Martin lived on a lower floor of the same house, and after delaying for a moment to open some letters, he followed Pearce upstairs.

About four o'clock they went to bed, having decided that, till the morning brought them news of what was known, no definite plans could be made. They lingered in silence for a moment on the staircase, and shook hands as they said good night—a thing they had never done before, save at the beginning and end of a term. The common possession of this dreadful secret seemed to make the friendship of the two men a deeper and more serious thing.

They breakfasted together early, and

began to anxiously turn over the pages of the different London papers that they had ordered. The visit of the Prince was dealt with at length in each instance, but the subsequent rioting was disposed of in a few words.

"Here it is," said Pearce. "Thank Heaven they don't know anything yet. It just says that a young tradesman was found dead near the 'Clarendon.' We shall have to wait for the afternoon's *Review* for anything more. I wonder if the police suspect any foul play. It must have been so obvious that the man was killed by a blow struck in anger."

"Whatever they think or do," said Martin, "we've got to go and tell Seaton at once; I wonder how on earth he'll take it."

They had to pass Gaskell's shop on their way, and the proprietor, who knew them, and was standing in the doorway, began to talk about his assistant's death. He had been told early that morning, and had already seen the dead body at the Town Hall, and called on the young man's mother. He was very much distressed, and talked excitedly of the prompt measures that were being taken to discover the murderer.

The horror of their situation was painfully increased by the shopkeeper's story, and their hearts sank as they entered Seaton's sitting room.

Breakfast had not yet been brought up, but sounds of footsteps in the bedroom told them that he was dressing.

"Come in, you men, whoever you are," came in genial tones from within; "I shall be ready in a minute."

They went in, and found Seaton, who had just finished his bath, swinging a pair of Indian clubs which he manipulated with an easy grace. He was dressed only in a pair of flannel trousers, and the shapely curves of his shoulders and great muscles of his arms gleamed white in the sun that streamed through the window. His eye shone joyously and his fingers closed tight and firm on the clubs that circled rhythmically round his head.

"What's the row?" he said, catching sight of the two men. "What are you pulling those long faces for? Come to tell me that I musn't get blind if I want to play footer, I suppose. Well, I'm



"'COME IN, YOU MEN, WHOEVER YOU ARE'"

going to be very good till after the match. Get yourselves drinks and buck up, you haven't got to train—well, I know Martin will, if you won't, Pearce."

He put down the clubs with a bang, and slipping on a thick sweater, opened the door and shouted for breakfast.

Five minutes later he was swallowing the kidneys and bacon as if nothing stronger than milk and soda had passed his lips on the evening before.

"Geoff," said Pearce suddenly, "do you remember the fight you had last night?"

"Rather," said Seaton; "look at the bruise over my eye. I knocked the man about a bit, didn't I?—I remember you pulled me away."

"You killed him," said Pearce.

"Killed him, don't talk rot," said Seaton.

"The man died almost at once," said

Martin, "I was with him. It's in all the papers this morning, but at present no one but ourselves knows who did it; we've come to talk it over with you."

Seaton was silent for a moment, then broke into a loud, harsh laugh.

"Serve the beggar right," he said; "I hope it'll be a lesson to some of his friends."

"Good God, man, don't laugh," said Pearce, "don't you realise the awful thing you've done? Don't you know it's manslaughter or perhaps murder, and prison and ruin for you if you're found out?"

"I shan't be found out," said Seaton. "You say that only you two know, and you won't give me away. I'm sure no one else would ever suspect me of being a murderer. If the man had a wife or a mother or any one to support, they can be compensated anonymously. I don't mind paying."

"I'm damned if I listen to talk like that," said Pearce, getting up from his chair. "Simply through your cursed drunkenness, you've killed a fellow-creature and caused God knows what misery, and you sit there and laugh and talk about paying as if you'd broken a window. Think of your own mother—and your girl. Oh, it's horrible, too horrible for words. I'm going; come along, Martin. If you get into a more decent state of mind, you'll find us in College."

When Seaton was alone, he sat for a long time at the table, tapping nervously with his fork on a plate. The piece of kidney which he had been raising to his mouth when Pearce blurted out the news was still stuck on the prongs, and intently he watched it grow stiff and wrinkle. He found it very hard to think calmly. He could only stare uneasily at the familiar things in the room while a jumble of thoughts raced through his brain, leaving an impression of vague, uncertain terror. What Pearce had told him seemed so utterly incredible. He could not bring himself to believe that he to whom life had hitherto been so pleasant a journey could really be a criminal wanted by the police. Curiously enough no sense of remorse entered his mind, his mood was wholly one of wild, unreasoning anger against

the ill-luck that had brought him into this dangerous position.

He cursed aloud, the words coming jerkily from his lips; and he was relieved as his voice broke the oppressive silence. Martin's glass, filled with brandy and soda, stood where he had left it untasted on the table, and as Seaton drained it the warm glow of the spirit in his throat brought back to him the power of reasoning and thought. It was extraordinary. This man, whose kindly and generous good nature had so endeared him to all his friends, became, under the influence of the first real trouble that had crossed his life, hard and callous. He felt that the world which had been so kind to him was now in a sense his enemy, and a look of bitter resentment and cunning came into his eyes. He felt able to think now, and walking quickly up and down the room, he made his plans for the future. He realised that in the scuffle of the riot it was extremely unlikely that any one but Martin and Pearce should have seen the thing done, and he felt quite sure that however great their horror at his deed, he was quite safe from any possibility of arrest through their agency. It was now Thursday, and the Welsh match was to be played at Cardiff on the Saturday. He had arranged to go down on Friday evening with a man from Birmingham who was also playing. Martin and Pearce had decided to go with them, and after the match they were going on to Hereford to stay with Martin's uncle, to whose daughter Seaton was engaged to be married. They were to come back to Oxford on the Monday. He wondered if they would come with him now. He felt quite sure that Martin would not tell his cousin, and he was confident that the girl loved him far too well to be persuaded into breaking off the engagement for no definite reason.

He felt so sure of his safety that he laughed again, and went into his bedroom to finish his dressing.

A man who lived in the next house, and who was training for the 'Varsity sports, came in and suggested that they should walk together to Shotover; and almost immediately they started. They lunched quietly at a country inn, and it was dusk before they came back over

Magdalen Bridge into the High Street.

The newsboys were shouting in noisy groups round the College gates, selling many copies of the *Review* to the men who passed in and out.

Seaton had almost forgotten the occurrence of the night before, in the pleasure of the quick walk and the joyous feeling of absolute health and strength. Even now he found it hard to bring to mind any details of his drunken fight, and the whole thing seemed to him like the misty remembrance of a bad dream that he had had many nights ago. He bought a paper, and then, as his eye caught the heading, "Shocking Fatality during the Rioting.—Suspected Foul Play," all his earlier anger and resentment against his ill-luck came back to him. The man he had been with all day had gone early to bed the night before, and knew nothing of the disturbances in the streets, or the death of Gaskell's assistant. Their talk had been entirely confined to athletic matters, and Seaton felt that he could not bear to spend the evening among men who would be certain to discuss and speculate about the murder.

His companion solved the difficulty.

"Come back and feed with me in my digs," he said. "You won't mind a training dinner, will you? And we'll both get to bed early."

Seaton looked into his own rooms on the way, and found a note from Martin.

"Dear Geoff," ran the letter, "I do hope that by now you have come to a better state of mind. Of course, you must have been a little insane for the moment, to have behaved as you did this morning. Preaching comes ill from my lips, but I feel I must say quite plainly that your way of taking the whole horrible affair has disgusted both Pearce and myself. But we can talk it over at Cardiff. If I don't see you before, I will meet you at the station, as we had arranged.—Yours, W. H. M."

He threw the letter angrily into the fire, and went to his friend's room to dine. After the meal, excusing himself on the score of training, he went home

early to his rooms, and sat thinking. This great handsome fool was conscious of no emotion but a sulky impatience at the chance of fortune. He was bitterly angry with the circumstances that had brought the affair about, but there was no single trace of sorrow in his coarse, dull brain.

Life had always been so singularly smooth to this man, all his material wants had been so abundantly satisfied that he had become little more than a great muscle. His usual jolly, careless temperament was simply the result of perfect health and smiling fortunes; and this sudden blow showed him what he was—a man whose body had killed his brain, a creature whose blood was too thick and rich, an example of that "healthy devotion to athletic sports" which, while it certainly produces a giant, unfortunately often insists that he shall be a fool.

In the morning he went down to Cardiff by himself in a cruel and evil temper. He did not want the companionship of his friends. In the afternoon he walked to Penarth and sat on the sea front, and the fresh, cold wind from the Channel blew the gloom from his mind for a time.

When he got back to the Queen's Hotel, he found that the English Committee and most of the team had arrived; and an hour later, as they were sitting down to dinner, Pearce and Martin walked into the coffee-room.

Dinner was a pleasant meal, and in the excitement of meeting so many friends Seaton became his old genial self once more. They all sat on after the table had been cleared, and the talk ran incessantly on football, and the prospects of the next day's match. It was a conversation of experts, sharp, clipped, and allusive; and to a man who knew nothing of the game, the talk that aroused so deep an interest in every one present would have seemed a meaningless jargon. In such a gathering Seaton was at his best; there was little present to remind him of Oxford, for Martin, who abhorred football shop, had taken Pearce to the billiard-room. The grim vision of the dead man in the Clarendon yard was chased from his

mind by the all-important consideration of football matters, and, in tale and jest, of matches lost and won, he held his own with them all.

As he walked on to the field next day, the roar of applause that greeted the English team roused all his old lust of combat and pride of strength. He started with some of the men to run down the field, and pass the ball to each other; and the spring of the turf, and the absolute freedom of his football clothes, made the blood burn in his veins. There was a high wind that bugled as it rushed through the trees at the other end of the ground, and he stopped and sniffed it joyously, as he threw out his chest and braced his muscles.

A man in the crowd who knew him shouted some words of encouragement, and Seaton waved his hand genially. He felt that at last he was his own man again.

The game was hard fought, and Seaton was conspicuous by the daring and roughness of his play. The vigour of his tackling cost Wales the services of a half-back early in the game; and when, shortly before the end, he followed up his own kick, and threw the full-back so violently that his shoulder was broken, he was cautioned by the referee, while hissing from the crowd was plainly audible.

It was left to him to win the game, for when England were one point behind, and there was but little time left for play, the Welsh backs started a round of passing when close to their own goal; and Seaton, intercepting a wild throw, ran round behind the goal-posts. The cheers that greeted the try were mingled with groans, for the violence of his play had made him very unpopular with the crowd; and as he lay where he had fallen with the ball, close to the barrier, a burly collier from Llanelly leant over the railings, and, shaking his fist at him, cursed him vigorously.

The hostility of the crowd was again apparent when, some minutes later, the victorious fifteen left the ground, and the other players were at some pains to protect Seaton from its violence.

The exhilaration of the game, in

which he had used his vast strength so freely, had brought Seaton to a more equable temper. This great dull animal required just such a violent tonic to subdue the sulky fever in his brain. As, like some huge broad-flanked bull, he had charged his opponents, or thundered away from them on the sodden turf, the body that he loved so well had, in its own fatigue, brought rest to his brain also.

He enjoyed the dinner in the evening, and when, full of meat and wine, and an insolent joy in his own prowess, he walked out into the streets, one saw what an absolute cad the fellow was.

His manner was abominable. He would roughly elbow men from the pavement, and stare intently at any girl that passed, displaying, to his own and his friends' perfect complacency, the sight of a drunken and boorish young man, with the strength of a Hercules and the conceit of a chorus girl who has managed to marry a gentleman's son. In this mood, together with one or two of the Welsh team—thick-set men with clear eyes and a beautifully-poised walk—he paraded the lighted streets of the town. His swaggering carriage and clumsy jests upon the passers-by delighted his Welsh friends, who emulated him in the foulness of his remarks, and punctuated each dirty little witticism with bursts of falsetto laughter.

They went into several public-houses, and in one of them found a knot of low-browed, evil-looking men discussing the match of the day. Seaton, as he swaggered in, was immediately recognised, and the men began to jeer among each other. At last one of them—a big, black-browed rogue, egged on by his companions—stepped out from among them, and, winking them to observe what he should do, looked Seaton up and down with a grotesque imitation of the other's manner.

"Ullo, mister, sir!" he said, amid roars of approving laughter. "Look 'ere, young fellow-my-lad, a bit of stick over your snitch 'ud do you no 'arm."

Seaton, who was drinking at the time, looked at his adversary, and, putting down his tankard, flung a black

insult at him with a vulgar jeer, and then, throwing back his head, laughed long and loud.

The man trembled with rage for a moment, and then swiftly struck him a crushing blow right on the apple of the throat.

Seaton went down, limp, like a sack

first, until suddenly he became conscious of a bitter, warm taste welling up in his mouth, and knew that blood was pouring from it. Then cruel fingers of steel seemed to gripe the apple of his throat, and crush it into pulp. The agony was fearful, and all the time he could think. Then there



"STRUCK HIM A CRUSHING BLOW"

of wet grain. He was perfectly conscious, and his eyes were open, showing him a ring of red and terror-stricken faces. He could hear nothing whatever, and the silence was as intense as in some deep tomb. His brain alone retained the memory and sound of the man's last words. He felt no pain at

was a rapid sensation of suffocation, and as he felt his heart running down, and his brain working irregularly with clicks and stoppages, he remembered the night in Oxford with singular and vivid distinctness, and knew that he himself was dying as his own victim had died. The agony came to him in

great spasms, and he knew, with clear distinctness, that in a minute he would be dead. He could not fight against the tightening finger on his throat. Then his pain went suddenly, and the room flashed away from him, and instead he saw, within a yard of his own face, the white visage of a young man with sandy whiskers. The mouth was twisted into a grin, the eyes were open and protruding, and blood was coming

from them. Then came darkness, and an intense, numbing cold, through which he could hear the voices of the crowd quite distinctly, though they seemed very far away.

He felt as though he was dropping rapidly through many waters, and as his life died out, like the glow from an incandescent wire, he could still hear little voices in the dark.

Then came silence.



SARABANDE

LIGHTLY, loudly, light again the beat,
 Slowly gliding figure, dainty sandalled feet;
 Graceful rhythmic motion, outlined fairy form,
 Dusky olive bosom no jewel could adorn;
 Spanish eyes with depths that glow,
 Flashing upward, drooping low.
 Hark! the castanets are ringing,
 Hush! the full, red lips are singing—
 Stately Sarabande.


Tales of love so soft and gentle,
 E'en the music tones are melting.
 Now a weird-like wail of sorrow;
 Life to-day—but, ah! to-morrow?
 List! the castanets strike wildly.
 Vengeance! vengeance! e'er so blindly.
 Death—the dancer's form sways slowly;
 Bows the graceful figure lowly
 O'er sweet Sarabande.

F. E. O'DELL.

An Ancient Cornish Town

WHERE SOME EXTRAORDINARY CEREMONIES STILL
TAKE PLACE

WRITTEN BY GEORGE A. WADE. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

 HIS history goes back many centuries, this queer old town by the sea on the northern coast of Cornwall, and that history is as strange and irregular as is the town itself at this end of the nineteenth century; as are its cobble-paved streets, or its curiously shaped houses.

It is out of the track of the ordinary seaside-tripper, even of the average holiday-maker, and so it has gone on its way more unmoved by the present day tendencies than most seaside towns, and the old things and customs flourish here in all their pristine beauty and simplicity.

They would shock many staid people of places more up-to-date, less pretty, and more conventional, would several of the things to be seen in the streets of St. Ives, and of the customs to be found therein. It is true that most English folks would have a sort of sneaking regard for the town connected with the riddle they had so often puzzled about in their younger days, when they had vainly tried to solve—

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives;
Seven wives had seven sacks,
Seven sacks had seven cats;
Seven cats had seven kits;
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

Oh, the hours we, as boys and girls, puzzled our weary brains in trying to add those various sevens, &c., together, so as to get the total number! And how resolutely we refused to believe in the number the nurse gave as the answer.

It is true that another St. Ives, that in Huntingdonshire, claims to be the original St. Ives of the famous riddle, but it is not to be supposed that the Cornish town is going to let its claim be altogether ignored. Did not seven cities claim the honour of giving birth to Homer? And this riddle of childhood is better known to most English people than is any work of the great Greek poet.

To see what can be done by St. Ives to vindicate its claim to be considered one of the strangest towns in England to-day, you should be there when what may be called "John Knill's Festival" is kept up. This is done every five years, and then St. Ives is a sight not to be missed. What would be thought in Manchester or Sheffield were the vicar of the town to go on a waltzing tour with the Mayor round a monument, in full sight of the assembled thousands? And what more if both of these worthies also waltzed there with young girls dressed in white, or with old widows, weary and poor? Surely, Manchester or Sheffield would think its rulers had gone mad! And like the poet of "John Gilpin," thousands would want to "be there to see."

Knill's Steeple is a famous obelisk to be found outside St. Ives, and was erected to the memory of John Knill, who was Mayor of the town so late as 1766. He was a most eccentric old fellow, and intended to be buried in a vault under this obelisk, but this wish was not carried out. The column, however, bears on one side the coat-of-arms of the Mayor, with the motto, "*Nil Desperandum*,"—whatever that refers to.

On another side is "Johannes Knill," "*Resurgam*," and the text "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Now if that were all, it would not serve much to differentiate this obelisk from dozens of others—but it is not. For good old John Knill left some very substantial property in trust for the Vicar and Mayor of his native town for the time being, on certain conditions. And these were very curious ones, for, as Knill paid the piper, he thought he had the right to call the tune. So he ordained the following "charming" ceremony which is still carried out faithfully.

Every five years, on an appointed day, a procession is formed in the town, and marches from the market-house to the steeple. In this procession there are to be ten virgins of the town, dressed altogether in white, and also the oldest widows and widowers of the place. These, followed by the Vicar and Mayor, are accompanied by music very vigorously played by the town fiddlers. When they reach the steeple or column erected to John's memory all the party have to dance round it whilst they sing the Hundredth Psalm.

This alone, copying the days of Israel, would make the affair notable, but the after-part beats this. For the vicar and Mayor have to do their dancing with the ten virgins and the old widows, and the spectacle is a sight for the gods. Shouts of laughter greet the performance from the assembled thousands of spectators; and one would have a long way to go before coming across a finer sight than the attempts of the representatives of local authority to keep their faces decorous and straight, whilst they imitate the motions of Miriam after the Red Sea victory.

Then £10 is spent on a dinner for



KNILL'S STEEPLE

the processionists, and the town fiddler gets £1 for himself!

St. Ives is a funny old place, indeed. The way they had, until a few years ago, of burying the dead is, it is to be hoped, unique in this country. Look at the curious appearance of the churchyard, and you will wonder what caused it. The truth is, the St. Ives folks almost buried the church itself! When the churchyard had become so full of corpses that there was no room for more, some genius of the town hit upon a scheme that would have done credit to the wise men of Gotham or St. Tudy. The St. Ives people simply covered the burial-ground with several

feet of sand, and then began to inter the dead anew in it! Thus the yard "rose," and the church "fell." This beautifully simple process was repeated three times, and was only stopped when it was pointed out that another time or so would have ended by completely burying the church too!

From some of the remaining memorials in the sacred edifice itself, it would seem as if the average Cornishman who lived in St. Ives had ever been a genius or a wit. For when the oak benches in the church had to be carved, the work was given to the

must have had down in this far-off corner of England in those days!—carved such interesting things as the head of a man wearing a fool's cap, and the bust of a woman evidently intended for a shrew. Then one later disciple of Art, finding a monumental brass where the halo and the head it surrounded had become worn away, thought he would restore it to his former beauty; but, never dreaming about such trifles as haloes, and seeing the round line of the former halo, which he took to be the head, he filled in the nose, mouth, and eyes to correspond! The terrible



INTERIOR OF ST. IVES CHURCH

village smith to perform; and that worthy felt that, in this case, it was unnecessary to trouble about Scriptural subjects or high "Art"—the folks wanted something to look at on Sundays which they could understand. So he carved the benches with representations of his own craft; and there they may be seen to-day, adorned with the figures of the forge, the hammer, the anvil, the bellows, the nails, and the pincers!

On some other ends of the benches other workmen—what pretty wit they

head of St. Michael which looks at you from that brass is enough to frighten any ordinary savage to suicide. Evidently, artistic effect is great at St. Ives.

Perhaps no prettier sample of Cornish wit can be found, however, than that of which the Portreeve, in the days of the Civil War, was the subject. He had rebelled against the Parliament, and was visited by one of his opposers, who came to put matters straight—another Cornishman. The Portreeve, thinking to propitiate him, invited him to a ban-

quet, and the invitation was accepted. But—Belshazzar's feast!—whilst the banquet proceeded there came a noise of hammering, and on the suspicious Portreeve asking what it was, he was informed that it was only a scaffold to hang a traitor!

When dinner was over, host and guest came out to inspect the gallows, and the guest said:

"Now, Mr. Portreeve, is the gibbet all ready for the hanging of a rebel?"

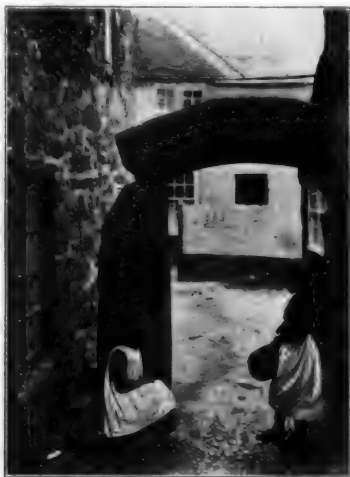
The host said that all seemed in splendid condition for that pretty little episode of those days.

"Then," remarked the other carelessly to his men standing by, "secure this gentleman, and hang him straight-way!"

And a few minutes later there was a

vacancy in the office of Portreeve of the little Cornish town.

Yet to-day it is still a lovely old place, this St. Ives, with its charming old-world air, its hospitality kinder and milder than in the days just spoken of, its fine men of the sea, and its pretty, dark Cornish girls. One looks from off its pier—the work of Smeaton—across the blue waters of the Atlantic, and watches the setting sun flinging its golden rays over the waters and the houses until the place seems like a city of dreamland in its evening glory. And in after years, far away from this peaceful Cornish town, the sweet, pretty picture rises anew in the memory, and one thinks with loving memories of that curious ancient town by the sea on the north coast of Cornwall.




ONE OF THE QUAINTEST CORNERS OF ST. IVES

"The City of the Simple"

WRITTEN BY MRS. J. E. WHITBY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. LEFEBRE.

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T has often happened that a traveller has been forced from some unexpected reason to break his journey at some little known, out of the way town or village. Usually such a *contretemps* produces nothing more than weariness of spirit; but should any tourist be cast ashore by stress of circumstance at Gheel, he will not have to complain of the commonplace. He will indeed be considerably astonished at the demeanour and appearance of a great number of its inhabitants, and will possibly be so interested in the strange scenes constantly presented to his wondering eyes that he may extend his visit.

People usually keep their demonstrations of grief for home consumption, but it is not unusual at Gheel to find a disconsolate female seated on the ground, outside the railway station, sobbing bitterly. Our friend the traveller, if he be kind of heart, will ask her why she weeps, and will be somewhat astonished to learn that she is crying because she has no legs, and declares she cannot move. With the evidence of an extremely sturdy pair of understandings before his gaze the stranger is puzzled, a state of mind that is increased when she explains that what he sees do not exist. He passes on.

He next meets a lady whose dress is somewhat oddly arranged, her very disordered hair being surmounted by a bonnet, perched over one ear. If it be winter, she carries a parasol; if summer,

a muff; and she trips jauntily along, singing to herself. The traveller is relieved to see some one so cheerful.

He walks on and finds himself face to face with two quiet-looking, well-dressed gentlemen, apparently taking a friendly conversational stroll together. But a little attention to them will demonstrate that both are talking at once, and that neither is paying the slightest heed to the other. This, though not an absolutely unknown proceeding, strikes the traveller as odd, and he begins to notice something strange in their manner. One of them darts across the road and buttonholes him.

"I am the Pope," he proclaims pompously, while his companion marches on, unconscious of the loss of his friend. "I am the Pope, and you must kneel down and kiss my toe." The stranger probably expresses a decided refusal to do anything of the kind, whereon the gentleman will change his tone, and say hurriedly, "Never mind, I don't think after all you are the King; meet me after supper and we'll have a game of dominoes together."

The traveller escapes hastily down the long broad street, with its rows of low whitewashed houses. As he goes he glances with curiosity to the right and left. There are not many people about, but those he sees all seem to look a little different to every-day folk.

Here is a man with a wheel-barrow. What a wild, furtive look he gives in passing!

There stands a woman at a corner

muttering to herself. Another person is walking down the street turning his head so that he may see as far as possible over his own shoulder. "My head was put on the wrong way round," he says confidentially to the passer, "but I am getting it right."

All this is very bewildering, and the stray tourist who has never previously heard of Gheel no doubt thinks that he has either gone suddenly deranged, or has fallen among lunatics.

And this is exactly what he has done, for fate has guided his wandering footsteps to the town of Gheel, and Gheel is a small town in the Belgian province of Antwerp, which holds a unique position as a colony of lunatics—the "City of the Simple," as it has been called.

Among those interested in mental diseases it has long been known for the beneficial effect which the treatment there practised confers on those so afflicted—a form of treatment which has lately attracted so much attention among medical men, that its system of allowing almost entire freedom to non-dangerous lunatics is being introduced into many other countries. But to the majority of people Gheel is an unknown place, and few tourists visit it. Our stray traveller will probably be not a little astonished to learn that out of a population of 12,000 inhabitants, about 2,000 are lunatics, and will be possibly rather alarmed to hear that nearly all are at large.

Though it is recognised, nowadays, that it is the systematic care which the mentally afflicted receive at Gheel that assists so much in their recovery, the place has had a great reputation as a health resort for such patients ever since the beginning of the seventh century.

The belief in its curative powers owes its rise to the tradition of miracles performed here at the shrine of St. Dimphna, an Irish princess who was converted to Christianity by Gerebernus, a priest on a mission to the Emerald Isle. According to the story, her father, who was a heathen, on becoming a widower, wished, after the easy manners of the times, to marry his own daughter. By the advice of Gerebernus,

Dimphna fled from home, and together they braved a sea voyage (no light undertaking in those days) and took refuge at Antwerp. Fearing discovery in a place so well known even then, they continued their way, and put themselves under the protection of the feudal lords of Westerloo and Gheel. Pursued by her irate father at the head of an important expedition, the princess was betrayed into his hands by a woman of Westerloo, a breach of the laws of hospitality with which the ladies of Gheel still occasionally reproach those at Westerloo.

Still refusing to consent to her father's proposals, he gave orders that both Dimphna and Gerebernus should be decapitated into the spot, and as his followers objected to behead the princess, the unnatural father himself struck off his own daughter's head. A photograph shows a tiny chapel erected over the scene of this tragedy, which took place on May 15th, A.D. 600.

The bodies of the unhappy lady and her religious adviser were buried at Gheel, and on these martyrs being canonised, a church was built over their sepulchre, dedicated to St. Dimphna, who became the patron saint of the neighbourhood. The tomb was made a place of pilgrimage, and miraculous cures of all kinds were reported, but principally of those mentally afflicted.

This is the origin of the strange colony which is to-day so celebrated among those concerned with mental cases, and which comprises among its poor distraught visitors people of all classes and all countries. Formerly the sick were treated in the church itself, but later a sort of small hospital was built on to the sanctuary. This was destroyed by a tempest in 1541.

The "Ziekenkamer," or sick room, which still exists, is joined to the church at the traditional spot, between the first buttresses of the body of the tower, as may be seen in the photograph, and was erected to replace the former hospital in 1687. The whole story of the little colony may be said to vibrate within those walls.

The "Ziekenkamer," through which the church is ordinarily entered, consists of two small rooms, in one of which a



THE CHURCH OF ST. DIMPHNA

space, raised and railed, served as a place of refuge for those in charge of the lunatics, while solid rings of iron in the walls show where the more excitable were once chained. A small inner apartment with barred window and heavy shutter opening into the outer room, was used as a bedroom for those "under observation," their cases being thus carefully studied according to the lights of the times by the doctor in charge.

In the olden days the sick were subjected to a very long course of fasting, for in this way only it was considered there was any hope of cure. If the first "neuvaine," or nine days fast, was unsuccessful, the patient was obliged to recommence, and continue until effectual, or until his case was pronounced hopeless. Three times a day he had to make the tour of the church on his knees, and to drag himself as many times barefoot under the shrine of St. Dimphna, which stands in the

ambulatory, on a high stone support, and is painted with scenes from the life of the saint. The worn state of the pavement testifies to the constant performance of this regulation. It was also considered as necessary to the cure that the clothing should not be changed the entire time (cleanliness apparently not being considered as next to godliness in those days), and many prayers recited. When the priest judged it advisable, the patient was readmitted to the rites and privileges of the church, and he might consider himself cured.

The stray tourist will certainly find his way to the Church of St. Dimphna, which stands at some distance from the present centre of the town, and to reach which he needs must walk over such cobbles as will leave him bankrupt of strong language for many a long day. There is no escape from this sort of torture, for there is not a paved side-path in the whole of the long straggling village; vehicles for casual hire there

are none, and so terrible are the stones that even only a two days' visit to Gheel will leave the feet frightfully bruised and tender, and the temper quite exasperated.

The church is a handsome building of the French Gothic style, with flying buttresses, a very fine old entrance, and windows with flamboyant tracery, characteristic of this particular form of architecture.

The interior has been restored and redecorated in the original manner, which looks at present very garish, but which Time's kind touch will doubtless soften. The story of St. Dymphna and her trials is repeated therein in picture, in wood-carving of ancient date, in sculpture and in stained glass. The reliquary, containing the saint's bones, is only to be seen by the kind offices of M. le Curé, who unlocked the strong room for the writer to see this fine specimen of silversmith's work, dating from 1515.

The sick being no longer treated in the church are sent on arrival at the colony to the infirmary, at the end of the town, where, in the brick building

ornamented with a statue of the saintly martyr, they are watched for a few days, until the special details of their malady have been studied. Those who appear hopelessly and dangerously insane are sent to asylums; those who are judged uncertain as to their dangerous proclivities are sent to the care of persons living in quiet retired spots outside the town; while others suffering merely from some fixed idea, but who otherwise are fairly sane, are boarded out amongst the inhabitants of the village. During the writer's visit there were only 35 women and 26 men in the infirmary. Several of these were perfectly hopeless invalids, and consequently unfit to be boarded out. These numbers are, of course, constantly varying, but as it would be contrary to the Gheel system to keep any one in the hospital who can possibly be boarded out, the numbers are never great.

The writer found the visit to the infirmary very interesting, if somewhat saddening, as are all similar institutions. It is necessary to have an order from the Minister of Justice to go over this building.



THE INFIRMARY AT GHEEL

Everything therein looks comfortable, bright, and well cared for. For patients under observation there are a number of small rooms, very similar in style to that in the church, while pleasant airy dormitories above, with white-curtained beds, testify to the great change that has taken place in the treatment of lunatics since such books as "Valentine Vox" and "Hard Cash," with their horrifying revelations, were written.

There are private apartments for those who can afford them. The hospital is managed by a governing doctor (Dr. Peeters, whose name is well known among those interested in mental diseases) and a secretary, who both reside on the premises. There are also four assistant doctors, and a treasurer. Besides these, there are six Sisters of Mercy, and five lay nurses.

The colony of Gheel consists of a large irregular perimeter containing about 60 miles, and the farm-houses and villas within these bounds are capable of receiving over 3,000 boarders. The residents who take in these strange visitors (and there are few who do not) are called "*nourriciers*," or foster-parents. No person may take more than two such lodgers, and both the insane and *nourriciers* are subject to a strict official scrutiny. The colony is divided into four districts, under the surveillance of a number of guards, and out of their respective districts the patients may not go. For this and cases of attempted escape (which do not average more than five a year), both *nourricier* and guard are answerable. It is probably the extreme freedom the patients enjoy that discourages them from trying to get away, and any one attempting this is sent away from the colony.

A "superior commission of inspection," accompanied either by the governor of the province, or his delegate, assembles at Gheel four times a year, makes a general inspection on all points connected with the invalids, and sends an annual report to the Minister of Justice. There is also a permanent resident committee, presided over by the mayor of the town (but to which neither doctors, secretary, nor treasurer may belong), to see that the instructions

of the superior commission are carried out, and to arrange all details of the boarding-out system. This committee forms two divisions, which each visit every lunatic twice a year, while the medical men see their patients at such frequent intervals as their cases require.

The poor are boarded at the expense of the State, the *nourriciers* receiving a sum varying from sixpence to eightpence a day, paid every six months. They are comfortably clothed, also at Governmental cost, and there is no doubt that not only are these poor insane creatures happier with the freedom accorded them than they would be confined in some institution, while the expense of keeping them is not so great. The wealthier boarders, and these are numerous, of all nationalities and positions, pay quarterly, and of course in proportion to the comfort and service expected. The governing doctor prescribes the daily regimen of each boarder, the amount of liberty to be allowed, the sort of occupation to be given, and even the style of amusement to be enjoyed, warning the landlord of anything that may have an exciting cause on the patient's mind.

For instance, one man was perfectly sane until the word "buttons" was mentioned, when he would instantly attempt to strip himself. In a small place like Gheel, where every one's peculiarity is well known, it is easy to substitute another word for the offending one, and no stranger, unless he happened to mention the forbidden article, would discover that the man was a monomaniac.

It is, of course, to the interest of the *nourriciers* to treat their queer guests well, for it is their payments that bring a certain ease into the family. Long experience has taught them the best way of managing their boarders, and the great number of cures prove that their method is a good one.

At Gheel it is the lunatic who is most considered in the family; for him are all its privileges and its special favours, his the most comfortable seat at table, the cosiest corner by the fireside, and when there is an entertainment, it is the

lunatic to whom the best place is assigned. Each is, in fact, treated like the family invalid.

If able, they work with the members of the household (though no *nourricier* may exploit a boarder in any way), they go to church with them, and, indeed, for the time being they become members of the particular family which they join. It is said that the knowledge that various little indulgences depend to a great extent on his own good behaviour penetrates the brain of even the dullest patient, and he will make the most frantic efforts to control himself. The feeling that they are trusted inspires a desire to deserve confidence, and it is seldom betrayed.

It is the "innocent" at Gheel who nurses the baby, and who is the chosen friend and confidant of the little ones, who, finding his mind on a level with

their own, regard him as another child, and are happy in his company.

The best time to study this strange colony is said to be at the change of the seasons; for when Nature prepares herself for a new phase of evolution the mad appear to suffer most, though there is at all times much to see and learn at Gheel that is both interesting and pathetic, and, it must be owned, amusing also; as, while one cannot help pitying the sufferers, it is impossible to help smiling at the queer ideas harboured by their poor distraught brains. Religious mania is very strong in the women, and the number of Holy Virgins and saints to be met is quite astonishing. The photograph represents one who fancies she is the former character, and would become extremely angry should the stray tourist appear to doubt it. She wears every colour of the rainbow, which unfortunately the picture does not show; is decorated with countless strings of beads, and much sham jewellery, as well as a pair of scarlet mittens. The other lady imagines herself of surpassing beauty, and that every one is in love with her. It is a harmless illusion, and one that is not confined to the lunatics at Gheel. Unfortunately, she was so impressed with the honour of having her portrait taken for THE LUDGATE that she could not be induced to smile at the right moment. These two board together.

One man fancied himself a silver teapot, which it was necessary to keep well polished, and was constantly diligently rubbing himself. Another thought he was likely to be poisoned. Every time, therefore, he entered a café, he called for two drinks, dealt a pack of cards to decide which it was safe to take, and threw away the other. A third runs about with a watch-key, imploring every one to wind him up.

"You'll certainly get overwound one day," says his landlord, as he gives the key another imaginary turn, "and then your works will stop."

"Will they?" asks the lunatic anxiously. "But if I don't keep wound up, I can't hear the tick inside; and if I don't keep going, no one will know the time in Gheel." And he rushes off again.



THE LADY WHO THINKS SHE IS THE
HOLY VIRGIN

There are at the present time two English ladies sent by their friends to the colony, to whom the writer, sorry for compatriots in a foreign land under such circumstances, paid a visit. One fancies herself the Virgin of Lourdes; the other, that she is related to all sorts of grand people. These two were great friends at first, but the rival claims for precedence have become so acute that the two ladies are no longer on speaking terms—and this in a land of strangers, where neither understands the language of those around her!

Another amusing case was that of a man who fancied he was the fly for whom a spider was watching. But if he were asked why he did not use his wings to get out of the way, he shook his head, and made some irrelevant answer. His mind could not carry out the idea. There are, of course, an enormous number of Emperors, Kings, and Queens at Gheel. One patient fancies every knob and door-handle a telephone, and flies towards it to hold long conversations with some imaginary person—perhaps not more disjointed than the real thing.

Most of the patients are obliged to return home at nine o'clock, but there are exceptions, and many of them spend their evenings at the cafés, joining in a game of billiards or cards, and rejoicing in the possession of a latch-key.

It is this quiet existence in a healthy, retired spot, free from restraint and the cares and turmoil of life, "far from the madding crowd," and with all the advantages and comforts of the family circle, that has such a beneficial effect on weak or disordered brains; and the reports of the colony show that a great and humane work is being quietly carried on there.

There are so many lunatics in Gheel that a very short stay there will make



THE LADY OF SURPASSING BEAUTY

one suspicious of every one met in the street; and the stranger will at last begin to realise with some amusement that he in his turn is being regarded with doubtful looks, and that many are of opinion he is a new "case."

The traveller who visits Gheel, accidentally or intentionally, will probably not regret his visit there, and will most likely carry away a not altogether unpleasant recollection of the little Belgian town, where so many of the inhabitants suffer from that most dreadful of all human maladies—the loss of reason—and which bears the quaint title of "The City of the Simple."



He tricked the hangman by his death,
The Devil, by his latest breath,
Who for his soul did loudly call—
To find that he had none at all.
A bas, a bas le Cardinal ! ”

(*Song of Old Paris.*)

I.

IN the December of the year 1642, His Eminence Armand John du Plessis, Cardinal Richelieu, lay dying. He and the King had both been smitten by an incurable disease. Yet it was the lot of the Minister to depart first to the unknown land, perchance that he might negotiate peace for his vacillating master, who joined him there in the month of May following.

But now it was December, and His Eminence Cardinal Richelieu lay dying.

By the side of his bed stood a long table, and at the table a monk sat writing. This monk wrote to the Cardinal's dictation.

“And if I have done you wrong, as you seem to think, visit my bedside that I may hear your grievance, and have the opportunity to set your mind at rest regarding these matters.”

The scratching quill wrote out the sentence, and stopped. The Cardinal ceased dictating. The monk looked up.

“Is that all I shall write, your Eminence?”

“That is all.”

“Do you sign it?”

“No.”

“To whom do I address it?”

“To Bernard D'Aubigne.”

“Where may he be found?”

“I do not know. Call Francis.”

The monk struck a small bell on the table. A page appeared.

“Ask him.”

“His Eminence desires to be acquainted with the address of Monsieur Bernard D'Aubigne; do you know it?”

The page hesitated.

“Do you know it, boy?”

“He has been good to me, your Eminence.”

“And have not I been good to thee?”

“Oh yes, your Eminence!”

“Then I may be good to him also, —perhaps. You know his address: name it.”

“He is now very poor. For years he has been sinking lower and lower—”

“Ah!”

“He lives in a loft above the stable of Jules Gerbais.”

“Good. Come here, boy.”

The page drew nearer to the bed.

“Come close, quite close.”

The page did so. His Eminence knit

his grey brows, and read the boy's face with cold, suspicious eyes. Then he lay back with every sign of great weariness.

"Take this communication, Francis," he said faintly, "and deliver it with your own hand into that of our friend" (there was a slight stress on the word "friend"), "our friend Monsieur Bernard D'Aubigne. Tell him to haste, for a dying man knows not his hour."

The monk sealed the paper with red wax, and gave it into the page's hand. "Now go."

Francis left the chamber.

Richelieu turned very slightly towards the monk.

"Read on," he murmured; "ghostly counsels well befit my state. Religious exercises shall be my delight."

The monk took up a book and commenced to read. The book was "*De Imitatione Christi*."

Shadows gathered round the Cardinal's chamber.

II.

The man known as Bernard D'Aubigne sat alone in his loft above the stable of Jules Gerbais. It was twilight, but he, like the Cardinal, was interested in a book. 'Twas an old, thumbed copy of the "*Songs of Lombardy*" and it had once been well bound, with a crest upon the cover and silver shields at the corners. But now, like its solemn owner, it was much the worse for wear; yet, unlike its owner, it had retained the sweetness of its thoughts, while his had grown bitter in the passing years.

The reading of this old copy of the "*Songs of Lombardy*" seemed to stir deep emotions in the breast and eyes of the reader, for could one have fathomed that breast, one would have perceived its yearning love—almost akin to pain—for the old fields of youth, and the old scents of flowers; for the old vows of faith, and the old ties of kinship. Could one have gazed into those mysterious eyes, unknowable as the uttermost parts of the sea, one would have beheld the salt waves in them—waves called tears, purifying the sight, raising visions of peace born of resignation.

For this man who read alone in the old loft had had bright visions of youth, visions of fame and a great career, till a

scarlet cassock had swept by him. And then—. And this solitary man had had two brothers, great, fine, tall men, in high places in the King's Army—but he had lost them. By death? He did not know, and dared enquire nothing. He and they had walked through dark places in the hands of His Eminence; and no man knew what door Richelieu opened at the end of a journey.

Those who intrigued with my Lord Cardinal kept sealed lips at any hazard—from fear of the axe.

Hence this man, whom Richelieu called D'Aubigne, had shut his mouth at the disappearance of his brothers, lest by opening it, he should have certainly destroyed them.

For the Cardinal had played a blind game with them all for the matter of fifteen years, setting them at a word to hunt down some quarry, like to one who loosed the hood from a falcon that it might strike an appointed victim. Once foot to foot with His Eminence in a secret path, there was no withdrawal save for a mysterious grave. It was on, on, with the bubbles of fortune just out of grasp, to be seized one day, said His Eminence (and he should have known seeing he blew them), and to burst at the touch. But this end to the chase my Lord Cardinal kept secret in his brain, according to the immemorial usage of wise statesmen.

The twilight was settling into the gloom of night, and D'Aubigne, unable to read more, closed his book of the "*Songs of Lombardy*." He stood thinking, however; the quiet movements of the horses in the stable below seeming to lull him into a peaceful meditation. He heard Jules Gerbais humming a song in the yard, and an owl in the thatch giving a hooting accompaniment. He noticed the loft filling with a soft light, and he saw the moon was up. A footstep in the yard caused Jules Gerbais to terminate his song. D'Aubigne heard a young voice. He knew the voice; it was that of Francis, a page to My Lord Cardinal.

D'Aubigne crossed the loft, and began to descend the ladder.

"Here is Monsieur!" cried Jules Gerbais. "He will answer for himself."

"Ah, Francis!"

"Good Monsieur!"

"You have come to visit me. It is kind. Now that I am off the ladder, I can salute you."

The man and the boy clasped hands with a tremor of true affection.

The note changed hands, from Francis to D'Aubigne.

The man led the boy aside to where a lighted lantern swung. He opened the sealed paper, and perused it again and again.

Then he looked down at the boy with



"HE OPENED THE SEALED PAPER AND PERUSED IT AGAIN AND AGAIN"

"How progresses the health of My Lord Cardinal?"

"He is sick unto death, Monsieur."

"It is to be regretted"—the slightest touch of irony in the voice.

"His Eminence commanded me to seek you out. He sends you this."

a similar expression to that with which the boy looked up at him. This expression was one of uncertainty.

"You will return with me, Monsieur?" asked Francis.

"Rather with you than with the Cardinal's Guards."

"Did you expect this letter, Monsieur?"

"I looked for an answer, boy."

"Then you have written to His Eminence?"

"Yes."

"And the answer is good?"

"Too good." A shade passed over the face of D'Aubigne.

"Be comforted, Monsieur."

"I have no fear."

"Nay, I know it."

Jules Gerbais came up.

"Go you forth to-night, Monsieur?"

"Aye."

The man's eyes glistened. "Perchance you will get a glimpse of His Eminence."

"Perchance."

"I would I were in your place, Monsieur. Pardon the presumption."

"I heartily wish you were!"

"Thank you, Monsieur."

D'Aubigne smiled grimly. "Come, Francis," he said.

The two men crossed the moonlit yard, and made for the chamber of My Lord Cardinal.

III.

The chamber of My Lord Cardinal was lighted by wax candles.

The monk at the bedside was reading from "*De Imitatione Christi*." For two long hours His Eminence had kept him to the book. Perhaps he found grace in meditating on the good things he had not done. Such meditation is very beneficial to most ecclesiastics.

The chamber was strangely quiet, and the candles burnt evenly in the unmolested air.

The monk's voice grew weary, and the dull monotony of the tone lulled His Eminence into a doze.

Through his half-closed lids, the candles shone like the stars of Bethlehem upon that night of the Holy Nativity, whose remembrance in the Feast of Noël His Eminence prayed to celebrate.

The rustling of arras at the door of the chamber caused the monk to cease reading. His Eminence stirred slightly, and asked the hour. Ten of the clock.

Francis entered, followed by Bernard D'Aubigne.

The monk arose, and stood with the pair, awaiting the desires of My Lord Cardinal.

Richelieu slowly opened his eyes.

"Ah! at last! Monsieur D'Aubigne, is it not?"

"It is, your Eminence."

"Be seated, friend."

D'Aubigne sat in the monk's chair, and regarded the grey brows and wandering hands of My Lord Cardinal.

"Francis, go with the good Brother, and see that he is refreshed. And, Francis, did you tell me that Captain Despard and three men were standing guard at my door to-night?"

Francis took the hint, and bowed.

D'Aubigne pulled his moustaches, and smiled grimly. His Eminence noticed the smile.

"Ah, D'Aubigne, it is the right of all good men to be happy! Francis, give me the bell from the table, that I may call you in case I need any trifle. That is it. You are dismissed."

The monk went on his knee, and kissed the hand of His Eminence. Then he arose, and with Francis left the chamber.

The page had not dared to exchange a look with Bernard D'Aubigne.

His Eminence turned with some difficulty upon his left side, the better to converse with his visitor.

"You see before you, Monsieur, an old and broken man—a man of whom the world has said many things, good and bad; perhaps," he smiled, "more bad than good. That is well, seeing that posterity ever reverses past judgments. But you did not come that I might weary you with autobiography. No. You came —?"

His Eminence smiled enquiringly.

"I came because you sent for me."

"Ah, ah! ever faithful! One would wish for more men like you." And he pensively shook his head. D'Aubigne sprang impatiently to his feet.

The hand of My Lord Cardinal fluttered over the bell.

D'Aubigne resumed his chair.

"Your Eminence needs no protection. Your Guards can wait."

"How you misjudge me! I did but think to summon Francis. A glass of wine for you."

D'Aubigne again pulled his moustaches.

"We will come to the point, Monsieur."

"If it please your Eminence."

"It pleases me exceedingly. Let us begin then. I see you are impatient. It is a treasure of youth, and prime—this impatience. An old man lingers, Monsieur—an old man lingers." A wicked desire crossed D'Aubigne's mind to put a sanguinary ending to this lingering.

He suppressed it, however, and waited.

His Eminence pushed up the cap from his brow, and began to speak in a dry and cautious voice.

"Monsieur D'Aubigne, some thirteen years ago——"

"Pardon. Some fifteen years ago."

"You are right, you are right. A man with an excellent memory! Well, well—some fifteen years ago there were three brothers, fine, fearless, silent, ambitious men. Their names were—let me see—ah, yes, Ignatius, Baptiste, and Bernard. I remember them very well."

"Not better than they remember your Eminence."

"You are so good as to say so. Well, these three men came to me one evening—a summer evening, surely, I recollect the hour was late but the light perfect—and offered themselves for my secret service, in the cause of justice and of France."

"I liked them. With hearts that beat but to one measure—Ambition!—these were the men my mind desired."

"I took them into my service, and for fifteen years they have been faithful to me."

"They dared not be otherwise."

"True, true, you say right, Monsieur D'Aubigne—they dared not be otherwise."

"Let me speak, your Eminence. These three brothers united, worked your will as one man, for seven years. Deeds they performed—God help them!—in the dark, to what strange purposes well or ill, you only know. This life for seven years, with promises, before them! Their feet too meshed in the webs of your Eminence to allow of any

withdrawal, save through death. Aye, they have been faithful, my Lord Cardinal!"

"You speak a little bitterly, my friend."

"Suffer me to continue."

"After seven years, one brother, Ignatius—high in the army—disappeared. He fell in no battle, your Eminence. One day we saw him, and the next he disappeared."

There was a pause. The grey brows of His Eminence contracted.

"Was removed you think, by my order, for the good of France and the State?"

"I think it."

"You are wise. It is possible."

D'Aubigne sprang to his feet. "Lord Cardinal!"

"Ah, the bell; not yet! Finish your narration, Monsieur."

"Yes, I will finish it. After seven years I lost my first brother; after ten years I lost my second brother; after five years of helpless despair I stand before you. Here I demand my brothers and my rights. I demand their freedom and my own. No longer will I wear a gag. Answer me Lord Cardinal!"

"I will answer you. It is possible your first brother was freed after his seven years. It is possible your second brother was freed——"

D'Aubigne interrupted, his face blanched: "My God!" he whispered hoarsely; "their freedom, then, was death, and by your order."

"Was it not impossible that they should exist longer, my friend? Their presence had become a danger to the State. They knew too much. Three men give heavy evidence. We remove two. One remains; against us he is powerless; therefore he has lived."

"You mean——"

"That you still exist, I think."

A terrible pause followed these words. Then D'Aubigne spoke slowly.

"Finish with me also, your Eminence, and ring down the curtain on your farce."

"Pardon, Monsieur. On my tragedy, on my most pitiful tragedy. Alas, that such things must be. The safety of the Realm is everything; true patriots must lay down their lives for their land."

"But you—you will live. We may die, but you will live!"

"Not so, Monsieur, I shall die. It will be very soon. I am dying fast, of an incurable malady. As you perceive, I must leave none behind me to tell dead secrets. We both must become as dead as they. We four have known much; two are gone and two are going. You have committed the actions, I have known them and the consequences. But the world only knows half—the consequences. If I die and you live Monsieur, the world may know the other half. This must not be. We sacrifice ourselves, therefore, upon the altar of our country."

"I am not, then, to leave here alive to-night?" said D'Aubigne in a low voice.

"On the contrary, Monsieur. You did not come here for assassination.

You will leave in perfect safety, and will live as long as I live—but in the Bastille. On the day of my death you will die also. I may last some weeks, Monsieur. Use your time profitably. Let me advise a careful preparation for eternity. Accept that book and read in it. That book, '*De Imitatione Christi*.'"

His Eminence pointed firmly to the book. D'Aubigné, like a man asleep, took it up mechanically. "Kneel, my dear son, for my blessing. Remember I am a priest as well as a statesman. Or forget both if you will, in the recollection that I am an old man. An old man's blessing is not to be despised. And we are both so near the grave. Kneel! kneel!"

Again, like a man asleep, D'Aubigne obeyed His Eminence.

"May He bless you; may He save you; you and your brothers have given—even life—for the good of your



"A CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD AND THREE MEN GLIDED INTO THE ROOM"

country. Arise Monsieur." His Eminence struck the bell.

A Captain of the Guard and three of his men glided into the room swiftly, and without a sound.

"Capitaine Despard, this brave gentleman is Monsieur Bernard D'Aubigne, for whom I signed your warrant yesterday. Attach his person, and see that he is removed to the Bastille with what speed you may. Guard him close that he escape not. Alas! we all are frail. Let him be as well housed as is compatible with his safety. And look to it that he be well used. Give orders that he receive good fare, sent in from without; gold shall not be wanting. How say you; am I understood?"

"Perfectly, your Eminence."

"To it then."

The Captain placed his hand on D'Aubigne's shoulder.

The three men closed round. The prisoner spoke.

"Your Eminence!"

"I hear, my son."

"Spare me!"

"Those words are unworthy of you, Monsieur. Unsay them."

"No! No! Spare me! Spare me!"

D'Aubigne struggled in the clutches of the guard.

"Monsieur, Monsieur!"

"I will reveal nothing! I swear it!"

"This is not brave. Will you have me see you unmanly in this, our last interview?"

D'Aubigne ceased to struggle. He drew himself up to his full height, and faced Richelieu.

"Your Eminence," he said, "I see those words of mine were useless. Forget them. We have all been in your hands. We have all fallen at your hands. But I am a man in my prime, and death seemed far from me. With you it is different. You are old, and the sands of your life run low. Death has been at your pillow so long, Lord Cardinal, that his looks appal you not. His eyes strike no terror to your soul. Forgive then the strong man who met him suddenly, but now, and cried aloud when the eyes looked into his. Pity the momentary weakness of such an one; and forget it. Farewell, your Eminence. It is appointed for all men once to die, and after death—the judgment."

Monsieur Bernard D'Aubigne turned on his heel, and marched from the chamber in the midst of the Guard.

His Eminence lay thinking a long, long time. His secrets would be safe in four dead breasts.

* * * *

Louis XIII. was talking with his Courtiers.

"Richelieu is dying. Who shall succeed him?"

"Only one man is possible, Sire—Mazarin."

* * * *


On the day that Richelieu died, the last of the Brothers D'Aubigne died also.



Moors at Home:

A VISIT TO THE KASBAH OF TANGIER

WRITTEN BY GEOFFREY RHODES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

AR ici, Messieurs!" exclaims our guide in excellent French, as he urges his pony up the stone slope.

We follow his lead, our tall mules carefully feeling their way over the loose cobbles. A high white wall suddenly arrests our progress. Our guide has disappeared through a small gateway to the right. We turn our beasts' heads in that direction and then duck our own as we slip under the low entrance, to rejoin our Moor in a kind of farmyard surrounded by eastern buildings, otherwise the court of the Citadel of Tangier.

Dark scowling faces regard us, and uncouth muskets and business-like knives meet our eyes as we once more follow our conductor.

After picking our way through the heaps of refuse, and conglomerations of human beings and animals that occupy the courtyard, we go single file down a lane. I had better at once explain that the citadel is a small walled town containing the Sultan of Morocco's palace and the residences and offices of the Kaid of Tangier, his deputies and guards; and who together with their slaves form no inconsiderable a community.

This lane—alley would be perhaps a more expressive term for it—contains the homes of the Kaid and Deputy-Kaid and their extensive families.

We shout to our guide not to go so fast, for we are curious—almost as much so as the beings who line either side of the way. With the condescension of an official—for he is no commoner—he pulls in his pony and describes with numerous haughty flourishes of the arms, the rank, position, or relation to the Kaid of some of the men who glare silently at us.

My companion asks who a finely-built well-dressed man may be. "A slave!" comes the reply with a contemptuous snap of the fingers. But the rag-swathed cripple leering from out a doorway is the Deputy-Kaid's uncle.

We have not proceeded a hundred yards before we have left the men's quarters, and come upon the houses where the women are lodged. Numerous small children of both sexes, many of them beautifully dressed, play in the dirt. They rush towards us holding up their open hands.

Our guide repulses the slave-children and encourages the others with a *savoir faire* that is distinctly amusing.

"The Kaid's child," he says, as a girl of six or seven waits while I feel in my pockets. My friend already has a little crowd round him struggling for half-pennies, five *centimo* and ten *reis* pieces,

The mite at my foot amuses me. Her mother must be a handsome woman if she is anything like the child. Perfect features, much more so than those of an English girl ever are at the same age, a pale transparent complexion and fine silky hair dyed black and cut Moorish fashion in a straight fringe from ear to ear across the forehead, and made into two plaits at the back. Her clothing appears to consist chiefly of a white sleeveless garment reaching to the white leather shoes and held close to the body by a broad stiff belt covered with golden embroidery. Thick gold bracelets clasp the beautifully moulded white arms half raised towards me.

The other children so far recognise her position as to leave her mistress of the field, and she stands out in relief amid the filth and degradation all around, a picture worth remembering.

I have been finding a half-*peseta* which

I now hold tantalisingly above her reach to see what she will do. Her next move is certainly unexpected, for without a moment's hesitation she presses her lips to my dusty boot, and then glances up beseechingly. I relinquish the coin with a laugh, and ride after my friend, who, having given away all his small change has gone on ahead.

The turning ends abruptly at a second courtyard, almost as large as the first, but containing more refuse and fewer

the way is a photograph of one side of the court.

When the chief gaoler has extorted the largest sum he can get us to disburse—we give him three *pesetas* between us, which is a very big tip in Morocco—he sulkily opens a small door and allows us to look into the prison through a grating. It is a large but exceedingly low, cellar-like chamber, occupied by twenty or thirty men, squatting on the ground and busy making baskets and



COURTYARD OF THE KASBAH.

living creatures. Here we follow our guide's example by dismounting, handing our animals over to the custody of an ebon-hued old gentleman who smiles benignly to himself as he slips the red leather bridles through an iron ring on the wall.

The prison is the next item on the programme. It is to the right of the main entrance to the Sultan's palace, shown in the first illustration; which by

other small wicker objects. No food is supplied to Moorish convicts except what they pay for, so they are forced to work hard with such scanty materials as their friends or relations may bring them to earn sufficient to live. We gave two hideous fellows who crawled up to the grating a coin each, whereupon the gaoler struck them hard with a switch he dexterously handled between the bars. It would of course be useless to

remonstrate, so we hurried out into the open. The odour of the courtyard was not exactly sweet, but it was fragrant after that of the prison.

To the left of the above-mentioned photograph a kind of verandah, the roof supported by two white columns, will be noticed. This is the Imperial Court of Tangier. The old men seated on the floor are the Chief Justice and his assistants. They acknowledged the guide's salutations as we passed.

The citadel, or Kasbah, is built on a hill to the north-west of Tangier, and therefore commands a splendid view of the Moorish city. Taking us up some steps and on to a terrace the guide stretched out his arm dramatically and said in English the one word "Look."

The picture spread out at our feet was a beautiful one and justified the Moor's evident pride in it. I have a photograph, reproduced here, of a portion of it, sufficient to serve as a key to my remarks, but valueless as a representation of the actual scene.

The sky of the deep southern blue, the bay to the left of a greeny-blue, lashed into foam by the sand banks. The town like a chalk model, backed by smoke-grey mountains. The tall square tower with the palm, like a garden broom planted upside-down, beside it, is the chief mosque. The reason for its dark appearance contrasted with the white houses is that it is covered all over with small blue china tiles.

A tinkling bell is being rung on the top of the tower as we look.

The absolutely flat roofs without parapets, distinctly shown in the left hand corner of the photograph, are used by the occupants of the houses instead of gardens. The large houses have courtyards with fountains, but the less important residences lack this luxury, and the roof affords the women especially, an opportunity of obtaining fresh air more frequently than they otherwise could.

Quitting the terrace our Moor conducted us next to the Sultan's palace, which forms the centre of the Kasbah. The Sultan is very rarely at Tangier: he usually divides most of his time between Morocco City and travelling: so that the building was alike devoid of furniture or occupants. Unlocking the

door with a key obtained from an officer in the courtyard, the guide beckoned us to follow him. An empty passage led from the entrance to the fountain court in the centre of the palace. This is open to the sky and paved with marble. A covered gallery runs round it behind marble columns, and from off this gallery are the chief rooms of the palace. Two of these, audience-chambers for the Sultan and for his wives respectively, are very handsomely decorated with Moresque carvings on stone and wood, after the style of the Alhambra at Granada. But all the chambers, some no better than white-washed cupboards, are alike destitute of anything that is detachable. Not a single pot or shelf or stool that suggests the building is ever inhabited. Yes, in one corner of the kitchen there are three wooden bowls, and some fruit rinds in a bad state of decomposition.

A Moorish home is arranged on the "portable" principle, and contains no object that cannot be placed on a mule's back. Cushions, rugs, chests, cooking utensils, all are taken when the inmates travel, and the house is left stripped to its white-washed walls and tiled floors. This is easily understood when it is borne in mind that the Moors have discovered a cure for stealing. It is simplicity itself. Leave nothing to be stolen. When a Moor packs up to go on a journey, for instance, he does not lock up the empty house until his return. He recognises that to do so is to court burglary. On the contrary he leaves the front door open, after having taken off the lock if it is a good one!

The small photograph which I took of the court of the palace gives a very fair idea of the place: the doors leading off it are of cedar-wood.

We were allowed to enter the palace without let or hindrance, but on leaving it Moorish rapacity is strongly in evidence. The Captain and three other officers of the guard bar our way. A hurried discussion takes place in Arabic between the guide and his countrymen. They require two *pesetas* apiece, he tells us. We produce the necessary silver and then have to shake hands with the quartette; one of whom relocks the door after us.

We have now seen every thing in the Kasbah the infidel is allowed to see, and therefore renew our acquaintance with the fellow in charge of the mules. More bribery and corruption and we are off at last.

We leave the Kasbah by the opposite gate to the one we entered, and canter across a plateau of fine turf,

perched above the Atlantic and commanding a grand view of the Sierra Nevada.

Before we descend into the town we take a last look back at the white walls of the old citadel. The place of contrasts, the place where romance and misery, beauty and hideousness, wealth and poverty, go hand in hand.



VIEW OF TANGIER FROM THE TERRACE OF THE KASBAH.



VILLAGE STREET, GRENDON UNDERWOOD.

"One of Shakespeare's Haunts"

WRITTEN BY M. E. B. BURROWES. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOS

—♦♦—
 "Each change of many-coloured life he drew,
 Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new."

FOR some three hundred years past much has been written respecting Shakespeare and his connection with Stratford-on-Avon and the neighbouring parts of Warwickshire, of the house where he was born, of his world-famed and time-honoured plays, of his joviality, of his deer-stalking frolic; and probably no subject has been more frequently delineated by the brush of artists than Ann Hathaway's Cottage. Colonists flock there in thousands, and few Americans consider that they have pro-

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perly "done England" without having been to Stratford-on-Avon; indeed, generally speaking, this nation are much more thoroughly versed in and show a greater enthusiasm about the birth-place and home of the Bard of Avon, than is evinced by ourselves. But few, I think, know of a long, straggling, low-lying old-world village, where one might almost say that Time has stood still, so primitive are its people and their ways, by name Grendon Underwood, or, as ancient records have it, "Under Bernwode," which may proudly claim to be closely associated with this

genial poet of human nature. Part of this village extends almost far enough to join the old turnpike road known as Akeman Street (the old Roman road running between London and Bicester). And it so happened in Shakespeare's many journeys between Oxford and London, and when, after resting the previous night at the Crown Tavern, in Oxford, his next stopping place would be "The Olde Shipe Inne," at Grendon Underwood, as the village is some sixteen miles distant from Oxford, and situated at so convenient a distance from the main road as to make it a convenient halting place; and in those times, when the village was a thoroughfare from the northern parts of Oxfordshire to London, the deep and miry state of the roads gave rise to the following distich:—

Grendone Underwode—
The dirtiest towne that ever stooode,

And even to this day it still keeps up its character in this respect.

Some years back, Wilberforce, the then Bishop of Oxford, who was staying there for the purpose of holding some

service, had to robe at the Rectory, which is situated some yards from the church, there being no vestry attached to the latter, he no doubt found the ground in its usual sticky and clinging condition, which caused him to remark that it was a loving soil, and he could well sympathise with the ladies. But to return to our subject. At one end of the village, not far from the church, or "up town," as the villagers call the upper part of the village street, is an ancient three-storied house built of brick, with blackened beams intervening; this in the olden days was "The Olde Shipe Inne," afterwards converted into a farmhouse, and in these later days known as the "Shakespeare House." It was here that Shakespeare stayed when journeying from Stratford to London; and Aubrey, the antiquary, affirms that it was here that Shakespeare picked up some of the humour for his "Midsummer Night's Dream," from the constable of the place, whilst passing a night at Grendon Underwood. And certainly some of the local allusions in this play do strongly point to, or appear to be connected with Grendon Underwood.



"THE OLDE SHIPE INNE"

For instance, when the scene of the play is laid at Athens, and a wood not far from it—

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight,
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin.

The sylvan scenes here depicted appear to refer to the Dodders-hall Wood and its environs, which lie on the east side, on the outskirts of Grendon Underwood; and here, in one spot, may still be seen banks well covered with the dark-leaved wild thyme, with its small magenta-coloured blossoms, and on a hot summer's day clusters of spotted snakes may be seen basking in the sun close under the hedge, just outside the wood. Here also grow in wild and unkempt luxuriance large oxlips, dog-violets, and also the deliciously-scented red, white, and blue violets; and overhanging are masses, closely intertwined and growing together, of honeysuckles and roses. And, again in "Midsummer Night's Dream," we find three expressions as still used in North Bucks. "Loffe"; this is very common and peculiar there, the people frequently pronouncing words spelt with an *a* as if with an *o*, as they will say *Boker* instead of *Baker*, and to "fright me," and I am "awearry"—they still use these words instead of the more modern "tired" and "frightened." The Welsh also seem to claim some right to Shakespeare's inspiration of this play, as in an old book published some years ago appears the following, viz., "Puck." The Welsh *Pucca* is evidently the same as the English Puck, and is known in some parts of the principality by the name of *Brocci*. In Breconshire, a whole glen bears his name, *Crom Pucca*, and it is traditionally said that from this spot Shakespeare drew some of his materials for the "Midsummer Night's Dream," through the medium of his friend Richard, the son of Sir John

Price, of the Priory of Brecon; but we will still hope that Grendon Underwood has the prior and original claim.

Another local story, connected with Grendon Underwood, is that on another occasion Shakespeare arrived in rather a jovial and frolicsome condition, intending to sleep the night in the village; but, finding his means less than he thought, he retired to rest on one of the seats inside the church porch, and



GABLED END OF "THE OLDE SHIPE INNE," ONCE OCCUPIED BY SHAKESPEARE.

there fell asleep; whereupon the two village constables, finding him thus, accost him, and, roughly awakening him, accuse him of intending to rob the church. He then asked them to show him the interior of the church, which they did; and he, vaguely looking round the building, and seeing nothing of any value, remarks that they are making "Much Ado about Nothing." No doubt these were the two whom he

afterwards immortalised as Dogberry and Verges.

Only a few years ago, some old stocks were shown in the same place, in which tradition said that Shakespeare had been imprisoned for disorderly conduct; but, sad to relate, these same stocks were burnt by a man in the village about twelve years ago, who was Goth enough to look upon them as untidy rubbish, and better out of the way. Nearly one hundred years have elapsed since the old house was used as an inn, and in those days of long ago it contained no less than forty rooms.

A large room, two stories below this, on the ground floor, has an elliptical-arched fireplace of stone, and two windows, one latticed, in which are the remains of old painted glass. This room is traditionally stated to be the one in which Shakespeare spent many pleasant hours; and no doubt many there sat unconsciously for his after-weaving of the characters of Starveling the Tailor, Snug the Joiner, Quince and Bottom, the Carpenter and Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, and Snout the Tinker.

Many years ago, when one of the



THE CHURCH, GRENDON UNDERWOOD, SHOWING THE DOOR FROM NEAR WHICH THE PORCH WAS REMOVED.

Many parts have fallen into decay, although the centre of the original house and one gabled end remain, this latter part being so closely connected with Shakespeare, and undoubtedly this portion is in much the same state as it was in 1593.

High up in the third story, in the gabled part, is a curious little oval window with a quaint old fastening, which lights the rather dark apartment where Shakespeare slept; and there are still remains of the old oak staircase, with its quaint balustrades, by which it is approached.

owners of Grendon Underwood first came to live at the place, he asked an old inhabitant what she knew about Shakespeare, when she replied that the only thing she had ever heard was that "They catch him at Buckingham!" And Shakespeare's memory in these parts is rather of a roving, jolly vagabond than that of a poet.

The church porch in which Shakespeare was found resting was pulled down in 1833; but before it was removed Lord Spencer had a drawing made of that part of the church, as a memento of its connection with the poet.

In connection with the ancient hostelry at Grendon Underwood are carefully preserved, by the owner at Buckingham, the following ancient relics:—The old signboard of "The Shippe Inne"; and a quaint candlestick, said to be made from the old mulberry tree, many years ago, that used to be in the old garden, and under which Shakespeare used to sit; the table of the hostelry; and a weather vane.

Some time ago a proposal was made, offering to restore these mementoes to the old Shakespeare House, on condition that it is kept up and dedicated to the nation.

Many years ago now, another very interesting relic of Shakespeare (a brooch, or buckle) was found by a poor man named Smith, living in Sheep Street, Stratford-on-Avon, near the old residence of the poet. This brooch, or buckle, was considered, by the most competent judges and antiquarians in and near Stratford, to have been the personal property of Shakespeare. The plain side is the back part, and there were faint traces of the letters, which were nearly obliterated by the man who found the relic, in order to ascertain whether the metal was precious, the whole of it being covered with gangrene, or verdigris. Fortunately, the "W" at the corner was

preserved. The front of the brooch has red stones in the top part, which is similar in shape to a coronet; the other stones are blue and white, varying in hue, and all set in silver.

If they could be told, many extravagant and stirring tales there must be that Grendon Underwood could unfold to us, for close above this low-lying village is Brill Hill, where some of our early kings resided; and there still exists a charter signed by Thomas à Becket, dated from the Palace at Brill. And at the far end of the village, standing back from the side of the road, is a very old wayside inn, called "The Crooked Billet." Above the main entrance hangs this quaintly-worded signboard:—

Mary Uff, who sells good beer,
And that's enough.

N.B.—A mistake here:

She sells spirits, as well as beer.

It is here that one day, a few years ago, after hunting with the Bicester hounds, the late Duke of Clarence stopped, and was refreshed with tea. Needless to say, the cup he used is regarded, and shown, as one of the most prized possessions of the innkeeper. The large old oak tree immediately opposite this old inn, in Wotton Park, formed a portion of the old royal forest of Bernwode.





From Photo by PAUL LAFOLIE.

Paul Bazelaire

WRITTEN BY GEORGINE M. RHODES. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



WO summers ago I was staying, as usual during my summer holiday, at Wimereux, one of the most charming of little French watering places, which has had much attention directed to it of late, as the spot selected for making the first experiments in wireless telegraphy between France and England.

About one hundred guests had just sat down to dinner, when some newcomers were ushered in, and places shown to them. Now it so happened that newcomers often arrived at the

dinner hour, and were welcome. The little fluster caused by chairs being pressed together to make more room at the already crowded tables, and the whispered criticisms on the appearance of the additions to our circle, helped to while away the time we had to wait for the passing round of the dishes—a time which seemed doubly long when the sea air had made our appetites ravenous.

In this case, the newly arrived family consisted of a quiet, mild-looking father, a small, alert, intelligent-looking mother, and two little girls. The one wore knickerbockers, the younger petticoats. The knickerbockers were accounted for

as being probably some form of bicycling costume.

My attention was at once attracted by the remarkable look of power in the elder child's face, the wellbred and dignified air which carried off the awkward costume, the assertive steady gaze of the large blue eyes, almost contradicting the very modest and amiable expression.

I was much struck, and being naturally on the look out for fresh sensations to enliven our very simple life, I decided to make the acquaintance of this apparently interesting family as soon as an opportunity should offer itself.

Before luncheon the next day we were already on friendly terms. I learnt that the girl in knickerbockers, with the attractive face, was a boy, that his name was Paul Bazelaire, that he was barely eleven years old, and had already carried off the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire for that difficult instrument, the violoncello.

We spent some pleasant days together : we had music and walks and romps, and we parted with a promise to meet again in England.

The promise was kept, as Mr. Newman, always on the alert to introduce new talent at his Queen's Hall concerts, engaged young Paul Bazelaire to play at those concerts this summer ; and on my return to town in the autumn, hearing of his great success and the enthusiastic welcome which had been accorded him in London, I was anxious to add my congratulations to the many he must already have received.

A very short walk from Kew Gardens station brought me to the villa which is Paul Bazelaire's temporary English home. Seeing me at the gate, the whole family rushed to make me welcome, and I was ushered into the little drawing-room, where the place of honour was given to a fine Broadwood grand piano.

We had much to chat about, as, besides applause in his own country, success had followed in Germany before the visit to London. Advised by some highly-placed personages in Paris, Paul's mother had taken him to Berlin with an introduction to Princess Radziwill. The Princess was much impressed by his talent, and engaged him to play at her

birthday party, when the Emperor himself was to be her guest. His Majesty, who is an amateur of music as well as of other arts, was highly pleased with Paul, and commanded him to play at a party at the royal palace. And not only was the Emperor warm in his praise, but he showed his interest by asking many questions about Paul's training, his tastes, and especially enquired where he was born. "*A Sédan, votre Majesté,*" answered the boy quite naively. This name seemed to amuse the Emperor. He turned with a merry smile to make some remark to the officers near him. The Imperial appreciation took the form of a magnificent emerald and brilliant scarf pin, and five hundred francs for cab fares.

Then came London. I asked how he had liked the English audiences, and whether he felt satisfied with his reception here. London he does not much care for. He prefers the simplicity of his home-life at Vincennes. But his reception at Queen's Hall ? Ah !—his face suddenly illuminated and he clapped his hands. "Ah ! I should think I did like the audience at Queen's Hall ! It was beautiful !" By which I gathered he had not been treated coldly. I wanted to know what he had been doing lately. Composing several pieces. A fugue, some melodies, and a concerto of fifteen pages. As I was expressing astonishment at all this to his mother, she laughed and said : "He is already the composer of fifty works." Accepting the fact of his being at twelve years a recognised artist and composer, I felt interested to know at what age he had commenced his musical training, and whether there was any heredity to account for his marvellous gift. His mother, who is no mean pianist, and a successful teacher, was his earliest professor. When he was five, she commenced teaching him piano and *sol-fège*. At seven he learnt to play the violoncello. At ten years of age he was admitted as violoncello student at the Paris Conservatoire, and only eight months after his admission he carried off the first prize for that instrument, being the first time that any child so young had gained this distinction. His musical instinct was early developed, as his first work was composed when he

was only nine years of age. His professor, the well-known Diemer of the Paris Conservatoire, says he has acquired harmony by instinct.

There is no doubt that heredity does count for something in his unusual musical development. His father, though holding an appointment in the Civil Service in France, is a poet and a musician. His grandparents on both sides possessed unusual musical talent, and a sister of his mother who had the same easy gift as Paul, would probably have

The nature of his special musical gift will be better understood when I say that his compositions are never written at first. When the impulse seizes him he rushes to his piano or violoncello, and, as if inspired, puts his musical ideas into tone as we might put our ideas on paper. When after varying some phrases he is satisfied that he has interpreted the idea he means to convey, he leaves the unwritten work alone to be actually recorded at some future time. So imbued is he with the spirit of his



PAUL BAZELAIRE AT HOME

From Photo by R. W. THOMAS

been known to fame had she not been cut off in her early girlhood. His younger sister, who is now ten years of age, is a clever violinist.

The great charm of Paul Bazelaire's personality lies in his utter unconsciousness; and this probably comes from the absence of all effort in his musical education. Indeed he is not allowed to practise much, and while he was playing at the Queen's Hall concerts his violoncello lay untouched between one public performance and the next.

ideas that his memory rarely fails him.

While we were chatting he had picked up a Persian kitten and was nursing it, now and again jumping across the room with it. This led the talk on to pets and spiders, for which I knew he had a great fondness. Then we went on to the delightful bicycle rides he and his little sister take every morning into the country beyond Richmond. The temptation however was great to come back to music, and I asked him who is

~ Devisée a. Mademoiselle M. Collor ~ ~ ~ ~

Chanson d'automne

(op. 22) Amantisme.

pour piano
par

Paul Bazelaire

Handwritten musical score for "Chanson d'automne" by Paul Bazelaire. The score is written on six systems of two staves each. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The music is in a romantic style, featuring flowing eighth and sixteenth notes in the melody and dense, often beamed, accompaniment in the bass. A repeat sign with first and second endings is present in the fourth system. The piece concludes with a "Fino." marking in the sixth system.



Verdiana 12 Mai 1899.

Paul Sangster

his favourite composer. Unhesitatingly and enthusiastically—"Beethoven," he said, with a wonderful light of fondness for the great master in his eyes.

I wanted to hear him play again, but his violoncello was not there. However, he sat down to the Broadwood, and played to me two of his own simpler compositions, "Spring," and "Autumn." They were both tuneful and full of feeling. I told him I thought them very pretty, and I should like to be allowed to have one. He looked distressed for a moment, and turning to his mother said: "You know I have left all those papers at home." "But you can write it out for Madame." He again hesitated, saying it might take him rather a long time to write it out nicely. I was pressing, telling him what pleasure it would give me to have his own manuscript, although mentally I feared I was putting him to a rather severe test. He was anxious, however, to please, and here

comes an instance of his really marvelous facility. While his mother and I were dropping into conversation on various outside subjects, he fetched music paper, pen and ink, and sitting down, wrote off, there and then, from memory, one of the pieces he had just played, and which I have been allowed to give here.

His mother was desirous that I should hear something more ambitious. The little sister was told to fetch her violin, and I sat and listened to a delightful duet for piano and violin, the young composer warming up as he urged his sister on in the quicker passages, rewarding her with a smile when the last chord had softly died out.

The afternoon was drawing to a close and I had to make my way back to town, so with pleasant greetings on both sides, I said good-bye to my friends, certain that some day I shall hear great things of Paul Bazelaire.



County Cricket and Cricketers in 1899

SOME RECORDS AND RECORD MAKERS

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



THE past cricket season will doubtless be handed down to posterity as a season of phenomenal scoring. With batting records so strongly in evidence, drawn games have often played a monotonous accompaniment, and as a consequence the sporting papers have been fairly inundated with correspondence dealing with the old, old theme, how scotch the deadly draw. The majority of cricketers agree that something must sooner or later be done, but there is consider-

able difference of opinion as to what particular shape the reform should take. Personally, I believe it to be almost as dangerous a practice to meddle with cricket reforms as to allow children to play with fire. Both parties are equally liable to burn their fingers. Surely, after all is said and done, the clerk of the weather holds the key to the situation, and who can number amongst their acquaintance a more uncertain sort of customer than Mr. Jupiter Pluvius. This being so, and there appearing to be little likelihood of his turning over the aforesaid key to the authorities at Lord's, we must move warily in our pursuit of wisdom, bearing in mind that our summers are not always to be relied upon. Meanwhile why not recognise that our countrymen have much to learn in the matter of bowling and field-

ing. Let us perfect these branches of the game, and maybe the difficulty which to-day confronts cricket in England, will be satisfactorily surmounted.

In my review of the season's cricket, I shall award pride of place to the leading batsmen and their more notable performances, opening the ball with a brief sketch of Major Poore, whose wonderful batting has landed him high and dry at the top of the averages. In his younger days the Major played comparatively little cricket, a fact which makes his subsequent successes all the more remarkable. However, whilst with his regiment in India and South Africa, he quickly demonstrated his ability and liking for the game, and here it was that he laid the foundation of his great reputation. Nothing more natural therefore than that on his return to England last year he should take his place in first-class cricket. Hampshire found him a distinct acquisition, his steady defensive play assisting him to an average of 34.68. This season his batting has exceeded the wildest expectations, having come on to such an extent that he can claim the phenomenal average of 91.23, whilst for his county, his figures actually give him a record of sixteen innings, four times not out, 1,399 runs, average 116.58. Standing 6 feet 4 inches in height, the gallant Major apparently strikes terror into the heart of the most fearless bowler. In June he joined the strictly limited circle of cricketers who have achieved the proud distinction of scoring two centuries in a single match, subscribing 104 and not out 119 against

Somerset; a feat he promptly followed up with 111 against Lancashire, thereby contributing three centuries in succession. Then, as if these records were not sufficient for one season's work, Major Poore in the return with Somerset further manifested his partiality for the Westerners' bowling by means of a huge innings of 304, a wonderful display of batting and physical endurance. The latter encounter between the two

has been marked in right royal fashion, as becoming the advent of the "Black Prince." Considering the number of innings he has played, his average of 63.18 is a truly marvellous one, more particularly seeing that he has taken part in all the leading contests with the Australians. His aggregate of 3,159 is of course unprecedented in the annals of the game, though to my mind it cannot be compared with W. G.



MAJOR POORE

From Photo by AARON PICKERING, Leicester

counties is not likely to be forgotten in a hurry, as it produced the second highest partnership on record, Major Poore and Capt. Wynyard putting on 411 while at the wickets together, the Captain's share realising 225. That their cricket must have been of a brilliant description is apparent when I add that they were associated for less than four hours and a half.

The return of Ranjitsinhji to England

Grace's 2,739 in 1871, as the Indian went to the wickets on no fewer than fifty-eight occasions this season, as against "W. G.'s" thirty-five innings of nearly thirty years ago. Bear in mind too that in the old days run-getting did not approach the gigantic proportions it has since assumed, not half the number of runs being scored. Ranjitsinhji's centuries this summer total eight, consequently it is im-

possible to enumerate his many fine efforts. He saved England from defeat in the first test match, for which we owe him a deep debt of gratitude. Reference must also be made to his 197 against Surrey, when, ably backed up by G. Brann, he again saved his side from defeat, the pair putting on 325 before being parted. The match was also notable for the consistent batting of the Surrey men, every member of the side scoring twenty and over, a record only approached by Lord Londesborough's Eleven against the Colonials in 1886, when with the exception of Barlow, who scored 16, 20 runs were exceeded by the entire eleven.

Tom Hayward, to-day, is a greater batsman than he ever was. A few years ago and he was indisputably the finest all-round professional. Since then, however, as so often happens, his bowling has somewhat suffered by comparison, consequent on his advance as a batsman. Lovers of the game benefit by the transaction, for Hayward's versatile batting is a liberal education in itself. Blessed with a charming style, his free and elegant cricket delights the crowd, who are never happier than when watching his powerful and clean off-drives. Assuredly the popular Surrey man's repeated successes in the test matches afford one of the most gratifying features of the season, and he is to be warmly congratulated on his century contributions for England at Old Trafford and the Oval. In the latter fixture, F. S. Jackson and Hayward established a first wicket record for a match of the kind, the pair subscribing 185 before a separation was effected. Thanks to their three-figure contributions, both batsmen have now twice exceeded the hundred in test matches decided in this country, a distinction previously only held by three such giants of the game as Grace, Murdoch, and Shrewsbury. That Hayward's brace of centuries should have been scored in consecutive innings presented him with yet another record.

The "Guv'nor," as Abel is familiarly called by his friends and admirers, has for the fifth season in succession registered over 2,000 runs in first-class

cricket. The little man possesses a wonderfully sound defence, yet he cannot be fairly termed a slow scorer, although he never—well, hardly ever—runs risks. Neither Abel nor Major Poore were selected to do duty for their country in the test matches. Whether one or other should have been chosen is a matter of opinion, suffice to remark that the Selection Committee were generally acknowledged to have shown rare judgment in the difficult task set them.

C. L. Townsend owed his first appearance in the Gloucestershire ranks to his school reputation as a bowler. Now his fame rests rather upon his prolific scoring. A right-handed bowler and a left-handed batsman, when only nineteen years of age, the Old Cliftonian's "slows" met with such conspicuous success that had the Australians been on a visit to these shores, he would have most certainly been selected to assist the Old Country. At that time his leg breaks presented remarkable difficulties, and on slow wickets he was often irresistible. In the following season of 1896, his bowling showed marked deterioration, and it is quite possible that he had over-bowled himself. Be that as it may, he is now seen at his best bat in hand, having made in this direction rapid strides to the front during the last few seasons. He is the only cricketer, except Grace himself, who can point to an aggregate of two thousand runs and a hundred wickets, as the result of a season's cricket, and curiously enough, this record of Townsend's would never have been accomplished but for "W.G." himself, who kept the youngster on an unconscionable time in the last match of the season. Taking advantage of the situation, the batsmen meted out severe punishment to the Gloucestershire slow bowler, but his turn was at length served and the hundredth wicket duly captured. Throughout May, Townsend seemed utterly unable to set himself going, but since then his play has been of such a steady and consistent character, that he has scored more centuries this season than have fallen to the lot of any other player.

Although hardly maintaining his form



WORCESTERSHIRE HEADQUARTERS

From Photo by G. POTTER, Worcester

of 1898, C. B. Fry has oftener than not played superlatively attractive cricket, and it is no small exploit even for a Fry, to have taken part in all the test matches, to have aggregated over 2,000 runs, and to have contributed the highest individual innings scored against the Australians, to wit 181, for Sussex at Brighton.

Another great favourite with the cricketing public is G. L. Jessop. On several occasions the Cambridge skipper has scored with his wonted freedom. Against Yorkshire, in May, he fairly got going, scoring at a wonderful rate, at one stage actually making 52 out of 53 runs. To carry out your bat for 171 out of a total of 246, takes a lot of beating, and while Jessop was piling on runs at an express speed, A. M. Sullivan was at the wickets an hour and twenty-five minutes for a modest three runs—a remarkable example this of vigorous attack and steady defence.

Most extraordinary was the record achieved by the brothers W. L. and R. E. Foster for Worcestershire v. Hampshire, at Worcester, when each brother it will be recollected scored a double century, W. L. Foster getting 140 and 172 not out, and R. E. Foster 114 and 101 not out. The feat has never been approached, let alone by a couple of brothers, and it is very questionable whether it ever will be.

The glorious uncertainty of cricket has assuredly never been so sensationally exemplified as on the occasion of the visit of Kent to Lord's this June. Middlesex secured first innings, but Bradley and Mason bowled with such success that wickets fell rapidly, nine of the side being out for 55. At this point R. W. Nicholls was joined by Roche, and the pair began to play so confidently, that it was not until 230 runs had been put on for the last wicket that Nicholls put up a ball to Bradley. This great performance exceeds by nearly 60 runs the previous highest stand for the last wicket, Briggs and Pilling's 173 for Lancashire v. Surrey, at Liverpool, in July, 1885. Regardless of the state of the game, the batting display given by Nicholls and Roche was admirable, but when the circumstances under which the runs were obtained are taken into full account, the performance approaches the marvellous.

With a succession of perfect wickets up against them, our bowlers have every reason to remember the season of 1899. Several of them have, however, emerged from the ordeal with flying colours. First and foremost comes Albert Trott, who has created a world's record by completing 1,000 runs, and capturing 200 wickets in one and the same season, a record, by the way, W. G. Grace had a good try for in 1875, when he claimed

an aggregate of 1,498 runs, and 192 wickets. Trott "mixes" his bowling very cleverly, or his victims would never have totalled 239, a number which has only been eclipsed by Tom Richardson, Jack Hearne and Turner, the "Terror," whilst his average of 17.09 places him virtually top of the bowling averages. Thus he stands *facile princeps* in this department of the game, besides which he enjoys an enviable reputation

delivery, easy action, delivering a medium pace ball. He changes his pace well, is materially helped by the peculiarity of his flight, and when assisted by the ground, can get any amount of spin on. Very unassuming, Rhodes' success is a deservedly popular one amongst his brother-professionals.

The Essex authorities made no mistake when they bought Young out of the Royal Navy, and promoted him



A. R. TROTT

From Photo by A. PICKERING, Leicester

for downright hard hitting, having, amongst other tall hits, driven a ball from Noble clean over the pavilion at Lord's.

Next to the Anglo-Australian in the bowling averages comes Rhodes, only beaten by the merest fraction. Unknown at the beginning of May last year, he at once sprang into fame, and bids fair to rival that prince of left-handers, Peate. The Yorkshireman bowls with a high

into the County Eleven. Placed under the wing of Robert Peel, Young came on rapidly, and early in the season electrified every one by means of a wonderfully fine performance against the Australians. At least, it was the destructiveness of his medium to fast deliveries, which won the match for Essex. Much above the average height, the sailor lad bowls and bats left-handed, and, like Trott, is a terribly dangerous

trundler on a crumbling wicket. Very hard-worked throughout the season, it is not surprising to find Young fall away towards the close of the summer, the Essex "pro." evidently having had quite enough of it.

A new bowler of great promise has arisen in Gloucestershire in the person of Paish, who for several seasons was engaged by the Clifton Club. A slow left-handed bowler, small in stature like Peel, he varies his pace, and is not afraid to pitch the ball well up, often deceiving the batsman with its flight. Whether Paish will add to his laurels remains to be seen, for young bowlers often do best in their first season, when their little tricks and peculiarities are, as it were, an unknown quantity. On the other hand, it seems reasonable to suppose that he has a big future before him, as in a season peculiarly ill-adapted to the requirements of a slow bowler, Paish is credited with the splendid record of 137 wickets, at a cost of only 18'54 runs apiece.

Deplorable though it is, England at the present moment has no really *great* fast bowler who stands out head and shoulders above his *confrères*. Richardson is not the Richardson of yore; Kortright, the Essex "Express," has been laid on the shelf, the victim of a bad strain; Lockwood requires careful nursing; and Mold's delivery is not beyond suspicion. This leaves us with Bradley, whose 156 wickets for less than 20 runs a-piece establish him among the first flight straight away. A hard and cheerful worker, his long run and swinging arms are enough to inspire a nervous player with dread; whilst, trusting as he does to his pace and powers of bumping, he can generally be regarded a dangerous element on a wicket at all inclined to show signs of wear. Before finally dismissing the subject under notice, I would like to call attention to a fine performance by another of the school of fast bowlers—Bland, of Sussex. This youngster, if inclined to be a little erratic, has nevertheless proved himself to be capable of great things; and playing against Kent in June of this year, he took all ten wickets for only 48 runs. One feature of this performance is worthy of special

notice. After disposing of eight of the batsmen, a stand between Alec Hearne and Huish constrained the Sussex captain to take him off, but the other bowlers tried were unsuccessful in effecting a separation; and so Bland had perforce to return to the attack, and he secured the last two wickets with successive balls.

The County Championship now calls for a few words. Overshadowed to a certain extent by the visit of the Australians, the competition has yet excited unbounded interest, more particularly since the completion of the test matches. For many weeks a ding-dong struggle was waged between Yorkshire, Surrey, and Middlesex, and so keen indeed was the strife that it was left to the final fixture of the campaign to decide the Championship, Surrey's draw with Warwickshire allowing them to regain the premier position which they had not held since 1895. The hard wickets admirably suited the Surrey men, who I am inclined to think would not have finished above Yorkshire had the elements held out signals of distress oftener. Middlesex owe their position to the marvellous play of Trott, and had only Jack Hearne bowled up to something like his best form, we need not have looked beyond the metropolitan county for the victors. Hearne was palpably stale the latter half of the season, and he evidently tries to squeeze too much cricket into the twelve months. Pity he cannot see his way to enjoy a rest, instead of rushing off to India as soon as hostilities cease here. Reverting once more to Surrey, Lockwood, on recovering from his strain, bowled better than ever. He accomplished the curious feat of obtaining his 100th wicket and 1000 runs on the same afternoon. As we all know, the county has a superabundance of batting talent at its command, even their new men having the happy knack of turning out trumps. Striking evidence of this assertion is to be found in the fact that H. C. Pretty was the second Surrey man this season to perform the rare feat of getting a century on the occasion of his first innings for his county. Passing reference may also be made to the successful inclusion of Wor-

cestershire in the ranks of first-class cricket.

The luck of the game is proverbial. Within a week the Players defeated the Gentlemen by an innings and 36 runs, and the Gentlemen returned the compliment also by an innings and 59 runs. W. G. Grace has been provided with all too few opportunities of distinguishing himself, so that his success in the Lord's match was hailed with delight. His masterly innings of 78 was a really great effort, and it was a thousand pities to see it ended by J. R. Mason foolishly

running the Champion out. In this match Ranjitsinhji brought his aggregate in first-class cricket to 10,000 runs. "W. G." by a curious coincidence, on the same day made his aggregate 50,000. The greatness of the feat may be more fully realised when it is considered that no other cricketer—not even Shrewsbury with his frequent visits to Australia—has yet totalled 24,000 runs in first-class matches. With such overwhelming evidence of the "Grand Old Man's" greatness the curtain may be rung down on the cricket season of 1899.





Vacancies to Order!

WRITTEN BY R. ANDOM, author of "We Three and Troddles," "Martha and I," "Side Slips," etc., etc. ILLUSTRATED BY SYDNEY ALDRIDGE.

IT was Mac who told us the story. We were loolling about the studio as usual—Slater, Mackenzie, Murdoch, and myself, and our presence and occupation would have been a perpetual and insurmountable blight on the owner had he relied upon any actual work for his income. But Mac didn't. A purblind public and a deaf and dim-sighted race of editors between them contrive to keep Mac handsomely in return for his insolence and a casual contribution of shaky and erratic lines on odd bits of old cardboard which Mac calls his "picchewers," and we describe variously as "not half bad, old man," or "rot," according to our mood.

Slater began it! Slater had heard of a rattling good billet on the weekly *Comfit* just two months too late to get it, and he had been dwelling rather bitterly on the rough luck which had deprived him of a chance of getting £450 per annum for doing nothing daily, instead of doing it for nothing as he had been for the past five months.

Previous to that Slater had had a passably decent billet on a religious weekly which filled him with contempt, even though his effusions filled its pages. The manner of Slater's enlargement is so characteristic of Slater that I venture to digress just to detail it in brief.

Well, one day when Slater had been

more than normally irritated by a move on the part of his proprietors which they deemed politic and Slater didn't, he protested in no measured terms.

"Mr. Slater," said the proprietor in suave, measured tones, "that is our concern. If we choose to adopt *any* plan of operation, and we are willing to pay for it, surely we are free to do so, without consulting yourself, for instance."

"Yes, I suppose so," murmured Slater; and then with that terribly icy incisiveness that makes most of us very careful indeed how we ruffle Slater's prejudices, he added: "but it prevents one from having anything like a complete sympathy with that certain man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves."

"Why?" queried the puzzled proprietor.

"Because he did well," said Slater spitefully. "He might have come to Navy Street and fallen among fools, you know."

But to return to the matter in hand. I had casually enquired if the man who had taken the place Slater might have had was robust, and I had suggested that Slater might make his acquaintance and take him out cycling.

"Or," said Mac, from his place of rest on his back on the couch, "you might adopt the scheme of Jubbins."

"Who was Jubbins?" we enquired, "and what was his scheme?"

"Jubbins was a friend of mine, and an ass," began Mac.

"Of course," quoth Slater; "that goes without saying. Birds of a feather, you know."

Mac slung a palette-rag at Slater and knocked a bit of his own property into everlasting smithereens, which was good and fitting, and exactly as it should be.

"I was saying," continued Mac impressively, "before I was interrupted by his stable companion, that Jubbins was an ass. He was an ink-slinger in a small way of business, also."

"For a time this contented him, and then he took to hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt and fell. He didn't call them flesh-pots. 'A snug little billet on the *Boomerang*, my boy,' or 'A cosy corner on the *Curler*,' was generally his direct and picturesque allusion to what he thought he most required. But all these little niches were filled by men with cast-iron constitutions and a morbid love of life and occupation that rendered any idea of suicide or resignation absolutely silly in connection with themselves. So Jubbins went on yearning, in the intervals of turning out short stories or doing an occasional assignment for a weekly he had an outside connection with."

"Left to himself, Jubbins was harmless enough. He hadn't the wit to devise things, let alone put them into operation; but in Cranely he found just the element he required to make a dangerous combination."

"Stephen Cranely, when I first knew him, was a medical student. I used to call round on him in his chambers in Chelsea when I had a fit of the blues on and felt a special desire for something frolicsome. There was always positively certain to be a skull or a hand well in evidence, on which Cranely was working up questionable details concerning joints and ligaments or something, and sometimes on rarely fortunate days I would drop in when there was an arm or some other piece of anatomy undergoing dissection."

"Many fellows, precisely on this account, fought shy of Cranely's chambers. They said they had no objection

to meeting their fellow-creatures in rational ordinary everyday intercourse, but they decidedly did object to visiting anywhere where odd fragments were liable to be pushed on one side to make room for the tobacco-jar; or where the host would say:

"'Excuse me, Twiddy, old chap! I'll just shove this foot out of the way, and that will make room for your hat.'

"I don't mind these things much myself, or at least I didn't use to in those days, and I used to spend a good deal of my leisure time in Cranely's company, partly for that reason and partly because we had many ideas in common."

"In the first place, we were both impecunious, with that chronic impecuniosity that knows no pay day and teaches the victim to dodge his tailor by instinct and to lie to his landlady with a brilliance and variety not to be met with in any other stage of life."

"There are several other things that we were together, Cranely and I; but it is not worth detailing them here and now. Certainly we were a first-class pair of young fools, one living by his wits and the other by his pencil—which means the same thing, only that it has a more respectable and reputable sound about it. This balance of credit, it is perhaps unnecessary to explain, rested with me; but there was one thing Cranely possessed by way of compensation which far out-balanced any superiority I could lay claim to. He was the glorious owner of the finest, the most unique, and the most attractive phase of madness that it has ever been my lot to witness."

"There was nothing of the lunatic about Cranely that was perceptible to even more than casual acquaintances. In fact, fellows who called themselves his friends used to remark that his capacity for borrowing odd five-pound notes and evading their just restitution in due or any other season betokened a shrewd and hardened business intellectuality as well as a darned unprincipled impudence, even though they agreed that he was too clever for a professional career and too lazy for a commercial one."

"His phase was to my mind evinced by an absolute and callous disregard for

others. He had the instincts of the vivisector, and the tender-heartedness of the baby-farmer—not wantonly cruel, mind you, but absolutely indifferent in attaining his ends whether he was cruel or kind. That is my idea of madness, or moral obliquity, which is the same thing running in a different direction.

"Jubbins was a later arrival than myself. In fact, I believe I introduced him to Cranely; but they hung together so closely when they did come to know each other that I speedily got to be an outsider.

"Well, one evening we were sitting together in Cranely's room, amidst the usual ghastly paraphernalia and medical student's books, which described all manner of gory horrors in picture and letterpress on every other page. Cranely had just begun to take an active interest in germs then, and it was a rather trying thing to keep up the relationship during the time it lasted. That very evening, I recollect, while Jubbins and he had got absorbed in some abstruse problem anent the working of the brain, I had discovered a pot of red currant jelly, and was getting interested in that on my own account, with a paper-knife and some mixed biscuits, when Cranely awoke to the nature of my occupation, and summarily interrupted it.

"He seemed rather annoyed about it, and said I had swallowed the finest pot of 'cultures' he had so far succeeded in rearing. He didn't know exactly what the 'cultures' were, but if they were not cholera, he was pretty sure they must be yellow fever or something tropical of that sort. I endeavoured to soothe him by pointing out that however much he might regret the affair he couldn't be justly held responsible for it, and I tried to comfort him by the assurance that as I was fairly robust and germ-proof, I might get through right enough.

"'You?' he queried in blank astonishment. 'Oh, you be hanged. I was thinking of the "cultures," not you. They are expensive, and take no end of trouble to rear, and now you have gone and upset my work for the past five months.'

"And I was his friend, too!

"There was no doubt about Cranely's madness! I said as much, and I intimated that a big, strong, grown-up man ought to have some better occupation than doddling round pollywogs. Jubbins sided with Cranely, and in the argument that ensued, he became almost as offensively devoted to the dirty research as Cranely himself. I thought it was just to spite me at the time; but later I came to believe that an idea was slowly developing in what passed with Jubbins as his intellect.

"Anyway, I know they became trying enough between them over the craze, and I began to drop off. I don't care for that sort of thing, personally, and I could have barely tolerated it in them had they been a bit trustworthy and careful over it. But they weren't! They would mix things up and forget where they had put them, and at last you couldn't take a bit of bread and cheese in their company without running the risk of having one of them start speculating as to whether the cheese we were eating was the edible cheese, or the winter quarters of something new, and costly, and precious in the germ line, that had lately come over from the South Seas, or India, or somewhere. They would argue it out between them in a cold-blooded, indifferent fashion, while I sat with my bit of cheese poised on my knife awaiting in agonised suspense to have it decided whether I had eaten Cheddar or Cholefoouperloloos, or something simple like that.

"They usually left it to me to determine. If at the expiration of ten days cold shiverings with flushed countenance and rapid pulse, and symptoms of tetanus set in, with an expiring scene in awful agony three hours later, then I could be very well assured that I had swallowed a Cholefoouperloloos, etc.

"It never did, and I began to get case-hardened after a time and take molecules and 'cultures' and other oddments of this nature philosophically, though I think both Cranely and Jubbins experienced one or two distinct disappointments over my providential escapes. Once when I did go a bit sick, shortly after a dubious banquet of Cranely's providing, they both came rushing round in intense and ghoulish

eagerness, and they seemed to hold me responsible when my doctor pledged them his word that it was only the influenza. But I am straying."

"You are, very much so," quoth Slater. "What has all this jargon of microbes and animalculæ and incipient sawbones to do with my affair or your assinine friend, Jubbins?"

"Well, there is as much connection as there is, ordinarily, between a hard frost and a pair of skates," said Mac. "To wit :—

gummed little bits of pale green jelly on to the fringes of his MS. Even then I didn't grasp the nature of his manœuvre, and Jubbins didn't enlighten me.

"He talked instead of some snug and remunerative appointment that was looming for him in this or that direction, and when I suggested that it was already filled Jubbins laughed sardonically and lit a fresh cigarette. He began to take a keen interest in the obituary notices of the literary papers too. And then I tumbled, though I couldn't take



"HE SCANNED THE PAPERS"

"Some few weeks after the pollywog mania had reached its limits, and was on the wane as far as Cranelly was concerned, Jubbins matured his inspiration. He laid in a stock of 'cultures' of various brands on his own account, and hunted up some of his rejected short stories and 'doctored' them. It was interesting to watch his process of cultivation, and many a night I sat and smoked in his rooms and looked on while he jabbed his morphia syringe into essays, sketches, and poems, and

Jubbins seriously, especially as for a long time nothing came of it. I suggested that the soil was uncongenial, and that no self-respecting microbe could live happily and do good and useful work cramped up in the stifling piffle which was Jubbins's normal standard of production.

"Of course Jubbins repudiated this suggestion indignantly; but, all the same, I repeat, nothing came of it until —"

Mac left off here and went, or pre-

tended to go, to sleep. That is Mac's ordinary way of telling a story—a sort of “his funeral's to-morrow” style of climax.

We waited a bit, but no sequel seemed to be forthcoming, so we set out with a walking-stick and a sofa cushion in search of one. Mac surrendered at discretion!

“Jubbins's endeavours had been chiefly directed against the *Musel*,” he said, with an irritating drawl. “He bombarded that unfortunate editor with yellow fever, and scarlet fever, and milk-blue fever, and magenta fever, and cholera, and other ‘cultivations,’ and they lost no end of readers, besides two office boys, three printers, a postman, and the office cat during the siege. And then the editorial chair fell vacant and Jubbins got it.”

“What a villainous thing,” said Murdoch indignantly.

“What a thundering lie,” said Slater, who is of coarser fibre and fond of truth, naked and forceful, and doesn't mind lending her expression at a pinch.

“Jubbins was editor of the *Musel* for a fortnight and three days,” persisted Mac. “He might have gone on a bit longer only he inadvertently sat down on a germ which had escaped and was wandering round the editorial chair. It was a typhus germ of notoriously

savage disposition, and it sprung at him and bit him so that he died and was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery. For further particulars see small handbills.”

The other fellows were wild with Mac, especially Slater, who said he knew of a handier and more direct way of clearing out vested interests and creating a vacancy. He said he rather fancied Mac's job, and would give a practical demonstration there and then.

It was done with a cudgel, he told us.

“Stay a minute and then let the execution proceed,” said I. “In the interval, Mac, would you very much mind telling us what became of the original editor of the *Musel*? Was it germs or otherwise?”

“I don't really remember,” quoth Mac with a grin; “but I rather think it was August holidays. Any way, if you don't believe me, I will introduce you to Jubbins himself, and make him tell you the story.”

“But,” said I, in blank astonishment, “what about that savage microbe, and the grave in Kensal Green, and the pathos of it?”

“Oh, get out,” said Mac. “How the deuce do you think a fellow can do any work with a parcel of lazy loafers hanging round him like this? Clear off, I say—this isn't the casual ward.”



Round about Bushey

WRITTEN BY W. F. WAYTE.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. W. M. MILLER



WHEN one considers what a factor the advent of a railway is in the development of a district, it is necessary to have a knowledge of the district before and after it has been touched by the trail of the iron horse. The Great Central within the last few years has effected a wonderful alteration in the appearance of the district round St. John's Wood and Lisson Grove; whole streets of houses have been pulled down, cuttings and bridges made, large industrial buildings erected, together with a palatial hotel, in fact a very large area in one of the busiest parts of London has been metamorphosed. To say that the opening of Willesden Junction Station did for Harlesden what the Great Central has done for Marylebone would be extravagant, but it is interesting to recall the difference between now and thirty years ago. There are still green fields round the station, but the many trains which pass through every day testify to its great importance. When first opened the spot was truly rural, there were not more than ten trains per day passing through, and any adventurous citizen who had ventured out for a day's jaunt into the country, took great care to be back in town by dusk. There were two reasons contributing to this state of affairs, one, that Harlesden was a very quiet place indeed and there was nothing to tempt a stranger to stay, and the other that the district had formerly suffered the reputation of being a halting and biding place for highwaymen, footpads and kindred folk. Both Willesden and Harlesden are supposed to take their name from famous highwaymen, named respectively Willes and Harles, who were leaders of formidable bands of robbers, hence the

sites of the lairs came to be known as Willesden and Harlesden. There is still a lane running from above Kingsbury into the Harrow Road called Forty Lane, supposed to be named after the Forty Thieves of Harlesden. In the corner of a field skirting Forty Lane there are the remains of a tower of what was probably at one time a castle, and local tradition runs that this was the thieves' castle, where they mustered and whence they sallied forth to waylay travellers on their way to and from the City. The railway has been a great factor in the advancement of the locality. At first Willesden Junction possessed but two porters and a station master, and the latter considered he had done a very good business if he booked eight passengers in a day. A gentleman rejoicing in the sobriquet of "Old Spinks" was station master at this time, and the legend runs that when he first took up his duties, he suffered from being lame; but one afternoon chancing to collide with an engine, he was, perhaps not unexpectedly, knocked down, but what was unexpected, he got up and walked all right ever afterwards. The present Willesden Junction was opened in September 1866, but was not completed in its present form till 1894. It is related that Captain Huish, the General Manager of the London and Birmingham Railway, together with the Chairman and District Superintendent, spent nearly the whole day when it was first opened, watching the working of the trains, and when returning to Euston in the evening, he made the remark: "Well, Mr. Chairman, I think we shall be lucky if we take £100 a year in bookings and goods at Willesden."

Before the High Level Island platform was finished in 1894, the station was noted for its dingy appearance and for its

intricacies. Many a passenger arriving from the North or the South, and wishing to catch a suburban train just due out, has had a bad five minutes spent in frantic efforts to locate the desired platform. Only those who knew the old station can appreciate the great alteration in the disposal of the platforms. *A propos* of this, there was an old tale current which, if not exactly true, was at least "*ben trovato*."

At rare intervals, the officials of the railway Company inspect passengers' tickets, and on one of these occasions, a middle-aged gentleman "flashed" a "season," the colour and form of which was not recognised by the inspector, who quickly asked that he might be allowed to examine it. The traveller handed it up. "Here, what's this?" sharply demanded the official. "This is ten years old. Where's your proper ticket?"

"That is all I've got," was the reply.

"Oh, no hanky-panky tricks, if you please. I must ask you to pay."

"The fact is," replied the passenger, with a sigh, "I bought that ticket when I was a young man, and I've been trying ever since to get out of Willesden Junction Station, and have not succeeded. I am quite prepared to give it up if you have any official competent to show me the way out of the station."

Beyond Willesden, the country becomes interesting. First, Harrow-on-the-Hill, with its world-famous school, which has sent out many men who have won and maintained reputations in various spheres and walks in life. The view from the top of the hill across the Racquet Courts, is indeed splendid, and repays amply the trouble expended in reaching the summit. A little further on is Pinner, an exceedingly pretty place, which is fast coming into favour as a residential spot for City men, for, with the first class service supplied by the London and North-Western Railway, the merchant is enabled to reach Broad Street, or the solicitor Euston, in half-an-hour. There is a large school here for the education of sons of commercial travellers; it is a fine building, and worth visiting. Harrow and Pinner are both fairly familiar, but the district immediately beyond is not so well

known. There are some charming spots all round Bushey, and being out of the beaten track of the ordinary sightseer afford the jaded Londoner the possibility of enjoying a half-holiday in a truly rural manner. Bushey Park, in Middlesex, is much visited by the tourist and average Cockney, and the connection of Cardinal Wolsey with Hampton Court and the Park is equally well known; but the Hertfordshire village can also claim historical associations, for the Manor of Bushey has been held at different times by Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, the great King Maker, by George, Duke of Clarence, who, as the story runs, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine, and also by King Richard III.

It is at Bushey that Professor Herkomer, with the instinct of artistic genius, has established a school of art, the students of which form a prominent part of the community, being, in fact, a colony of artists. They live in the small houses of the village, and impart quite a Bohemian touch to the rustic surroundings. These students enjoy a thoroughly unconventional existence. They call on and pass pleasant afternoons with one another; chaperons are not in evidence and are not wanted. To have the privilege of passing an afternoon with some of these knights and dames of the brush affords a charming contrast to the ordinary "at home" where the stilted methods of society are *de rigueur*.

Professor Herkomer's studios, where pupils are inspected, abut on the road, and the general picturesque appearance is sufficient to attract the attention of the most casual passer-by, as may be gathered from the accompanying photo. Behind the studios, the skilled professor resides in a mansion designed by himself. This is a magnificent building both in design and construction, and though in striking contrast to its surroundings, is not conspicuous from the road, as it lies in a secluded spot and is well sheltered by trees. A fine uninterrupted view is obtained from the north side of the Professor's house over the Colne Valley and away to Aldenham. In the meadows below are the Colne Valley Waterworks. Water is drawn from a well 235 feet deep, and being of a hard

quality, is softened by Dr. Clark's process and pumped up to a reservoir on Bushey Heath.

In Bushey Churchyard is the grave of Mrs. Elizabeth Fuller, who founded a free school in the neighbouring town of Watford. This Mrs. Fuller was born in 1644, at Tiverton, in Devonshire, and was a relation of Peter Blundell, founder

quoives and blue aprons of lindsey-woolsey." That was before School Boards were thought of, and when educational parties worked on cheaper lines. Until quite recently, twelve loaves were given away on Mrs. Fuller's tomb every Sunday morning, and it was the custom for the master to attend Bushey Church with six free scholars



PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S STUDIO

of the famous Blundell School, Tiverton. The Watford School was founded in 1704, and maintained a master, mistress, forty boys and twenty girls, at a cost of £52 per annum. This included cost of clothing, which was, for boys, "habits of lindsey-woolsey, with bonnetts tyed with orange-coloured cardus ribbon; and for girls, holland gowns with bands and

one Sunday in every April, to see that just weight, and the correct number of loaves had been given away during the year, and also, to see that the good lady's tombstone was maintained in good repair. The observance of this custom, till within quite a recent date, indicates the old-world character of the place.

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OLD AND NEW BUSHEY

From Bushey to Stanmore, through Bushey Heath, the road is fringed with houses of varying styles and architecture; here a row of sprightly villas with neat gardens in front, there the well known rough stone cottages with white fronts and outside shutters; and again old wooden houses with long gardens in front, whilst there is even to be found a sample of the up-to-date suburban town cottage with the rooms abutting right on to the road. Public-houses follow one another in quick succession, and bear testimony to the fact, that whatever opinions may obtain now a days, obstacles were not placed in the way of our forefathers when possessed with a desire to satisfy their thirst. "Old and New Bushey," affords a comparison of the variety of buildings. On the right are two public-houses close together, with their sign-boards well displayed, whilst opposite, dividing some old houses from a specimen of the modern builder's handiwork, is a large brick building used as a police station. This must have been built more with an eye to future than to present requirements.

Aldenham Church, to the north, is well worth a visit, for there are some curious monuments, erected in a style which was more affected and appreciated in

the olden times than it is to-day. One may be given as a sample. A female figure in a shroud, has a label issuing from her mouth, inscribed, "Sarah Smith," and below are these words:

Death parts the dearest lovers for awhile,
And makes them mourn who only used to smile;
But after death our unmixed love shall tie
Eternal knots between my love and I.
I. R.

I, Sarah Smith, whom thou didst love alone,
For thy dear sake hath laid this marble stone

When following the road eastwards towards Stanmore, the traveller will be struck by the clean and pretty view afforded at "Sparrow Herne." This place may be found indicated on very old maps of the district, and probably was as large and important in those days as it is now; it is the connecting link between Bushey and Bushey Heath. The scenery just round here is diversified and exceedingly pretty. The Church of St. Peter's is Chapel of Ease to Bushey Parish Church.

With plenty of time on hand there are many interesting places around Bushey, which to all intents and purposes forms a most interesting centre. To the west of Bushey is Moor Park, a noted place, and formerly held under the Abbey of St. Albans, Cardinal

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badly, so severe at times as to render it nearly impossible for me to
breathe. I had severe pains after eating, and my stomach was
constantly filled with wind. I always had a very bad taste in my
mouth, when I would awake in the morning, and had but very little
appetite for my meals. This was my condition for years. Twelve
months ago, in February, 1898, a friend of mine recommended me to
try Phosferine, and I bought a bottle at Day's Drug Stores at
Camberwell Gate, where I was then living. I had taken about a
bottle before I noticed a change for the better, then my symptoms
gradually left me, until I became, as you see me now, thoroughly
well, with a good appetite, and never the slightest sign of any of my
old maladies. If I ever feel out of sorts I immediately fly to my
bottle of Phosferine, and it always sets me right. I have recom-
mended it to many of my friends, and would not be without it on
any account. I shall do all in my power to induce anyone suffering
as I have done to give Phosferine a trial, as I am sure they will bless
the day they did.

"(Signed) **THOMAS BYTHEWAY.**

"37, The Green, Stratford, 11th February, 1899."

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which proved to be of no use in my case; I nearly gave up all hope
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your advertisement, I determined to try a bottle, which I did, with
the following results: The first dose eased the pain; the second
nearly took it right away, or the pain only returned now and then;
the third dose, which I took an hour afterwards, completely cured
me, and I have not had a return of it since.

"Yours truly, **HENRY L. COMPTON.**"

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Wolsey being at one time its tenant. It passed to the Cary family, and was then sold to James, Duke of Monmouth, son of Charles II. The Duchess was living here when her husband was executed, and she is said to have ordered the tops of the trees to be cut off in token of mourning for the event. A subsequent owner, a Mr. Styles, who made a fortune in the South Sea Bubble, spent £150,000 in improvements, which however did not meet with general approval, one unapproving critic being no less a personage than Alexander Pope, who dropped into poetry when expressing his views. Watford, with its Orphan School, and Cashiobury Park, four miles in circumference, the seat of the Earl of Essex, are both within easy distance. To the east of Bushey is a large wooded, unenclosed tract of land, which according to a large board which faces the road is Stanmore Manor. This Manor is "looked after" by an ancient keeper named Hughes, who waxes sarcastic anent the high-sounding title of "Manor" given it by the sign-writer. It has generally been known as Stanmore Common, but whatever its name, it is well worth a visit. It is a favourite rendezvous for the students of Bushey, and they may be seen there

in the summer time, busying themselves with the reproduction on canvas of very charming scenes indeed. Not the least interesting part of the Common is the keeper himself. Mr. Hughes is a typical "father of the land," and the picture of his house may convey some sort of idea of his splendid isolation. Turf and corrugated iron form the materials of the construction, and the only light obtained is through the door shown in the photo; the pipe projecting horizontally on the left is the chimney. The house is right on the Common, surrounded by bracken and trees, and one has only to see the characteristic proprietor and appurtenances, to believe that the scene might be hundreds of miles away from the hum and bustle of the madding crowd. How long this spot will retain its rural aspect it is difficult to say, for with the march of the iron horse goes civilisation. Up-to-date villas will probably ere long commence to spring up, and the advent of the jerry builder means farewell to rustic beauty. For the present, being such a short distance from town, Bushey and the vicinity may well be recommended to those who seek a short respite from the whirligig of "Modern Babylon."



HUGHES' COTTAGE.



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LADIES who must dress well, but whose means are limited, will find the Ideal Dress Agency, of 104, Victoria Street, S.W., of great assistance in enabling them to dress smartly with the smallest possible outlay.

Every one knows that many ladies moving in good society spend many hundreds of pounds annually upon their dress, and often do not wear the same costume more than once or twice.

Now many of these ladies subscribe to this Agency, which undertakes to realise these practically unsoiled costumes on their behalf.

All that is necessary for you to do, is to send to the Agency whatever you wish to sell.

Your things are then exhibited in bright, pretty show-rooms, daily crowded with purchasers.

The only trouble you are put to is the cheerful duty of endorsing your cheque, when you receive it.

In return, a small fee is charged for each article sold, according to the price obtained for it.

A system such as this obviously works advantageously to both parties concerned; and the attention and courtesy with which the Ideal Dress Agency meets its customers, in conjunction with its extreme usefulness, leads us to believe that many of our readers will be glad to know of the existence of a place such as this, for there are not more than one or two of its kind in London.



WHAT TO DRINK.

ENGLAND has been rightly called the country of tea drinkers.

In spite of the enormous quantities already used, the consumption increases yearly.

In view of these conditions, it is difficult for any thoughtful person to regard the future without considerable misgiving.

As it is, diseases of the nerves in some form or other are one of the features of the times we live in; and I venture to say the habit of tea drinking has a good deal to do with it.

Tea, unless perfectly prepared (which it hardly ever is) has a most injurious effect upon the nervous system and digestion—slowly, but none the less surely, weakening both.

A good many people are probably unaware of the injurious results caused by drinking their favourite beverage; but, when once realised, they will quickly

turn their attention to some other less innoxious tippie.

This will be found in cocoa—a far superior drink, without any injurious after-effects resulting from its use.

Cocoa in its pure form is unequalled as a beverage; it is comforting, soothing, and highly nutritious; and has only to be once tasted to be appreciated.

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Cadbury's Cocoa will be about the best you can go in for.

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THE discovery and use of disinfectants in the treatment of wounds and infectious diseases has proved of immense value in the saving of life and limb.

Previous to their use, many patients with wounds that would now be considered trivial died from blood poisoning; and where a number suffering from injuries were confined together—as in time of war—a dreadful fever would frequently break out amongst them, the mortality from which was fearful.

With the advent of carbolic acid, these conditions became things of the past; and the use of a good disinfectant in the treatment of wounds or infectious diseases is now generally recognised as being essential to their cure and well-being, and to the safety of those brought in contact with the patient.

Their use has now become quite common.

No household worthy of the

name is without them in some form or other.

Should the drains suddenly get out of order, a good disinfectant will prevent any harm arising before they can be repaired; and in the sick-room they are invaluable, keeping it sweet and pure, and preventing any danger to the nurse or doctors.

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Yours truly, A.W.

MUTLEY, *October 24th, 1898.*
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